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Original Papers.

"YES, SIR,—MY NIAGARA!"

"The owner of Niagara died recently—an aged man—whose life had been coincident with the rise to the fulness and dignity of a nation of Western New York. He had chosen this residence by the great river as the home of his declining years, and his grave will be within the sound of the cataract."—*Daily Paper*.

THERE is something mean and diminishing in the ordinary conditions of property. There is the tax-gatherer with his red-lined book and inkhorn to be met at inconvenient and mathematically impertinent intervals. The tea-drinking Board of Aldermen must have their hand in it with the opening and shutting of streets. There are certain paltry ordinances to be constantly kept in mind touching the position of an iron ash-box on the walk in winter time, and the decent withholding of fag-ends of greens from the gutter in summer. The seasons themselves are in league against us. The wind (dissevering window-hinges) is our worst enemy. Cold water, which we should like—holy water—the very rain from heaven is a disgust on our roof. Then we are under the necessity of putting ourselves in league with tinkers and sawers of wood, and men who deal in putty, and other personages who partake not in the least of the sublime. Even a pig may enter at our open front door, and make his nose familiar with the latest fashions, and discuss his turnip on an ottoman. Ordinary property, in a word, is so hedged in and trimmed and detracted from and disparaged by a swarm of harassing qualifiers, that it can in no proper sense be called property. To call it real estate or estate in fee is ridiculous. It is rather an impromptu, an ice-cream, which we have one minute on our plate—the next, where is it? To really possess a piece of property—to be the genuine owner of a Real Thing—may be said to be, in the highest sense, the thing. This happy fortune seems to have been achieved by our late worthy friend mentioned in the morning newspaper. The motto *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* need not to have a stretched construction put

upon it to help his case out. Of him we have nothing but good to say. He owned Niagara Falls (it would appear), rock, stock, and water. By what title he held, who is the attorney on record, we have not been curious to inquire. We would suppose something in the nature of a revelation—a voice direct from Heaven—something resembling one of the stone tables delivered to Moses should constitute his deed of possession. We take it the deceased gentleman's title was sound. Many a plump fiction as we have found, one time and another, in the newspapers, we take it for granted no one would venture on so bald and bold a lie as that. It would be too gigantic and staggering to stand up for a single day and keep the breath of life in it. Our late friend, then, did lawfully own and possess the handsome property known as the Falls of Niagara in North America. This is all we know of him, and we are right glad of it. It is a joy and a satisfaction to us that no scribe of Boswellian instincts lived thereabout to make us acquainted with any other single circumstance of the whole past history of the fortunate gentleman. We have luckily no account of his personal appearance; although it is not absolutely sinful for us to indulge in our minds a little speculation as to what manner of man he may have been. We may picture him to ourselves as small, shrunken, withered, hovering about the scene like a spectre, and gloating with true miserly inward self-gratulation over his rich possession—keeping a sleepless watch on all its properties of rock, water, mist, spray, and rainbow—perpetually on the prowl against invaders and depredators—jealous even of the stray chips and waftages from up stream—and ready for a collared march to the next justice of peace on a petit larceny issue, at the slightest provocation.

His chief care, in this character, may have been that his fortune should be held and transmitted unimpaired. On the other hand, we sometimes figure him to ourselves, aged, white-locked, large, venerable—coming forth, at the morning tide, like one whose proper business and happiness it is to "muse o'er flood and fell"—to regard its first greeting from the sun, when welcome passes between these two great wonders of the natural universe—to mark how (so to speak) they look each other in the face in early salutation, and whether there is not something of a disposition in Phœbus to put old Niagara to the blush, and, perhaps, to peer curiously and with a sort of royal audacity into the very secret chambers of his spirit.

As the day goes up, the sun—growing warmer in a kind of strife that seems to have arisen between the two—strikes down upon the Falls with harder, heavier, hotter blows—as if he would scatter the waters and rive the very rocks in pieces. In vain. He softens towards his rival and companion as he goes down into the west, and with good night to all the world, he smiles a benignant adieu to Niagara, acknowledging, ruddily beaming on his rugged front, that though he, the mighty light, departs, there is something left to earth while Niagara remains.

It was only towards the close of life that our deceased friend was impelled to choose his abiding-place here. In his early day, in the heyday and dash of youth, he gave his heart to wine, to the pleasures of trade, and some of the frivolous pursuits and ambitions of men—to the admiration of beauty in woman. But as his step grew slow, as his locks whitened, as he walked nearer to that other world to come, he heard in Niagara the voice of the majesty of Life and Death speaking to him. Tired of the cold and trifling companionships of the world, here he found a friend, true in counsel, clear of speech, meeting him day by day, year by year, with an unchanged front of glory and truth.

Here, too, would he lie down, when all eyes grow dark, and all hands cold. His spirit attended up to the Throne, with the anthem-melody of the old cataract—he, too, shall speak the praises of his pure character to all men, and shall sing to rest for ever his troubled frame. One voice alone be his mourner. But where, in abbey or cathedral, in all the bands of happy singers that have ever met, in choirs manifold, with trumpet and harp, and psalter and organ—Oh, who can so shake the arches of the world, and fill all space and time with its solemn peal of lament and power, as that old Fall of mighty waters! Ever in his robe he stands there—from year to year, from century to century, from age to age—beside his master's grave, keeping a majestic watch, and with more than apostle's tongue, pronouncing for ever and for ever, above his ashes, the great funeral discourse of all the earth!

C. M.

A DAY WITH MARIA EDGEWORTH.

A LATE English steamer brought us the melancholy news of the death of Maria Edgeworth. There are few persons to whom the present generation of men and women owes so large a debt of gratitude for pleasant reading as to her. The writer is not sure whether "Harry and Lucy" and "Simple Susan" continue to be favorites with children. Perhaps their place has been supplied by something more "improving." "Belinda," also, and "Patronage," and "Castle Rackrent," and "Helen," may not be sought for as of old at the circulating libraries. More highly spiced productions, probably, cause them to seem insipid to "Young America." There must be some readers, however, to whom the mere mention of these books still awakens agreeable recollections, and who have found nothing in more modern fiction exactly to supply their places. Such persons, the writer ventures to think, will be interested in the description of a visit he had the privilege of paying several years since at Edgeworthstown-House. He trusts that he shall be acquitted of any impropriety in publishing the details of that visit. Common usage has sanctioned similar statements in the case of other distinguished authors, and in regard to Miss Edgeworth, if the writer can convey to the public a tithe of that deep respect for her character which the interviews to be narrated produced in his own mind, he knows that he shall be pardoned for the liberty he is taking. It was early in the morning of a July

day, in the year 1836 (the reader will allow me to use the first person singular), when I left Dublin for Edgeworthstown, which latter place lies fifty-three Irish miles distant from the other in a northwesterly direction. On leaving the city we passed the fine buildings erected for the Law Courts, the Barracks, the Military Hospital, and Phoenix Park. We saw at a distance the spire of the Mad House in which Swift spent some of the latter and most melancholy days of his life. Our road led us through Maynooth, where the large Roman Catholic College is situated, and Mullingar. There was little, however, to interest me on the way excepting the beggars who surrounded the coach at every stopping place, and were most importunate in their demands,—whining, blessing, flattering, praying, and groaning in melancholy chorus. The sight was a distressing one, and only rendered tolerable by the reflection that this was made a matter of business with many of the poor creatures, and much of the grief and affliction was put on for the occasion.

I reached the Inn at Edgeworthstown at half-past two in the afternoon, and immediately sent a package with which I had been charged, together with a letter of introduction and my card to the authoress. Shortly afterwards the servant returned bearing Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth's compliments, and an invitation to visit them. I walked forthwith to the house, which was at no great distance from the Inn. I entered the grounds by the gate at the Porter's Lodge and followed a broad gravelled drive, which wound through a beautiful lawn adorned by clumps of elms. This brought me to the great Hall door of the mansion, which was square in shape, large and commodious, and painted of a yellowish color. It was partly surrounded by flower-gardens, and had on one side verandas and trellis work, covered with clustering roses. A servant received me at the entrance, and passing through the hall, which was ornamented with family portraits and specimens of natural history, ushered me into the Library, where a number of ladies were sitting engaged in writing and sewing. One of them rose and accosted me, and I recognised Miss Edgeworth at once from descriptions of her which I had already received. She was a very short and spare person, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, although she must have been at that time not less than seventy. Her face had no very striking features. It expressed, however, in a marked degree good sense and benevolence. If there was anything peculiar in her physiognomy it was the space between the eyes, which was very broad and flat. The forehead also was broad, while the lower part of the face about the mouth and chin was quite narrow. Her eyes were small, and of a color between grey and hazel. They assumed a very pleasant expression when she smiled and half closed them. Her nose was nearly straight, and mouth small and slightly compressed. She wore a slate-colored gown and a plain cap, with brown hair (a frizette, I thought) in small curls around her forehead. If her appearance was ordinary, her voice and manner were exceedingly kind and engaging. She presented me to the widow of her father, a lady of much dignity of address, and who preserved a great deal of bloom, although her hair was quite grey. Another elderly lady and two younger women were in the room, who I afterwards learned were relatives of the family. The apartment was large and well lighted, and combined all the conveniences of a library and the elegancies of a lady's parlor. There was a

range of square pillars at the sides where a partition had apparently been taken down. In the recesses thus formed and elsewhere beside the walls well-filled book-cases extended half-way to the ceiling, the spaces above being occupied by oil-paintings and engravings. Among them were likenesses of Ricardo, the political economist, Sir Walter Scott, Madame De Staël, Talleyrand, Lord Longford, and Napoleon. Tables covered with books, writing materials, needle-work, and baskets of flowers stood in different parts of the room, and about the grate in which a fire of peat was burning, large, easy-looking chairs were disposed. Everything wore an air of comfort and refined taste, and it was at once to be seen that the usual occupants of that apartment devoted themselves to pursuits both rational and delightful. Here it was, as Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me, that all her books were written. She worked there, she said, surrounded by the different members of her family, often reading to them what she had just before composed, and receiving their corrections and suggestions. And, indeed, it was the very place in which one might suppose those elegant conversations, so full of wit and common sense, which abound in her novels, had been conceived. That cheerful library-parlor seemed to be the home of all domestic virtues and graces. Nobody who lived in it could be dull, or ungenial, or unhappy.

After luncheon, which was served in the dining-room, a most interesting conversation took place. Miss Edgeworth talked a great deal, and all that she said was full of practical good sense and kindness of heart. The topics, at first, in compliment to her guest, related principally to America. Upon these subjects, particularly those connected with government and literature, she showed accurate information and liberal opinions. She appeared to be familiar with our best authors, and to have a proper appreciation of their merits, making discriminating remarks, I remember, respecting Irving, Willis, and Hoffman. We spoke of Indian words and their pronunciation, and she seemed pleased to be informed how Michigan, Hobomok, and other names, were pronounced. This led to the general subject of the Indians and their wrongs, in connexion with which she read with much feeling a few lines from Mrs. Sigourney, whose name she accented improperly.

It happened that I had shortly before visited Abbotsford. When this was alluded to, she spoke in the most affectionate manner of Sir Walter Scott, who had died a few years previous, always calling him her "dear Sir Walter." She described a tour to the Lakes of Killarney, upon which she had accompanied him and his family. When that interesting apartment at Abbotsford was mentioned, in which the personal relics of the poet—his hat, and stick, and clothes,—are preserved, the tears came to her eyes. It was evident that she was a person of the most hearty good feelings, and overflowing with love to her friends. The conversation continued upon these and other subjects until late in the afternoon, when I rose to return to the Inn, upon which I was kindly asked to remain and dine, and take a bed at the house. My luggage was forthwith removed thither, and I found myself in the possession of a most comfortable apartment, in which, besides the usual furniture of a bedroom, were several easy sofas, screens, and curious old mirrors.

At dinner my seat was next to Miss Edgeworth, who talked all the time in the most agreeable way. What she said was marked

as before with the strongest practical good sense and the most cheerful and liberal views of mankind and the world. She showed also an accurate knowledge of many subjects which are usually considered to be beyond the reach of female study. Much of it was of an interrogative character, and required of me considerable self-possession and activity. I was quite well satisfied if I could answer her rapid questions with tolerable correctness. There are persons who possess the power of extracting from you all you know upon any subject—who arrive at once at the pith of your replies. She was one of these. If she agreed with any opinion expressed, she carried it out and illustrated it. If she dissented, she stated her objections with such clearness and force, that I should not have desired to argue with her afterwards, unless her winning kindness of manner had always given me courage to express my views with the greatest frankness. I can only hope to give a bare and meagre outline of this conversation—indeed, hardly more than an enumeration of some of the topics discussed. But even this may not be without interest, although it will afford no idea whatever of the extensive information, the warm-hearted generosity, and the vigorous and well-chosen language of the distinguished authoress.

She said she had never known Hannah More, and much regretted she had not. She had seen Mrs. Siddons act, but it was in the latter part of that lady's life, when her physical powers were on the decline. She spoke of the performance of Queen Catherine at this period as extremely interesting, the part requiring an exhibition of mental affliction a little blunted by bodily pain, which Mrs. Siddons's want of health enabled her to give with much effect. She had known Sir James Mackintosh well, and described his conversation as being of the most superior character. He knew the best that had ever been said or written upon any subject. His memory, both retentive and recollective, was most wonderful, and his modesty equally remarkable. She wished he had not known so much of other people that she might have known more of Sir James. She had been well acquainted with Watt, the improver of the Steam Engine. The statue of him by Chantrey, with its deeply wrinkled brow and expression of strong fixed meditation, was spoken of as the personification of Abstraction. "Yes," said she, "of Mathematics." In this connexion the wonders effected by steam in America were alluded to, and she gave to Mr. Fulton the credit of having first applied it to navigation.

She showed to me in the dining-room a portrait of her father, for whose memory she seemed to cherish the deepest veneration. When inquiry was made concerning his well-known talent for mechanics, she pointed to the clock, which she said was of his workmanship, and stated that the tower of the village church was raised from the ground by a contrivance of his, and put in its place in ten or fifteen minutes.

After dinner we went out upon the veranda, and then for the first time I ventured to speak particularly of her own books. She seemed to be gratified with the account of the warm reception "Helen" had met in America. I asked about "Taking for Granted," a new novel, which the papers about that time promised from her pen. She said this report had been spread, she presumed, by a friend, who had seen a little of the manuscript with that title. It was, however, unfinished, and she did not know when it would be completed. I

spoke of how much we were led to expect from its name, and when upon being requested to state my conception of its meaning, I answered that it was probably intended to show the dangers of precipitancy in judgment and opinion, she appeared to be pleased, and said that was her meaning exactly, and requested if any instances illustrative of this occurred to me, that I would mention them, as she often derived much profit from such suggestions from her friends. We afterwards went into the Hall, where she pointed out the portrait of her father's uncle, the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold. "This," she said, "was something for the family to be proud of." Here also was a picture of her great-grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a Lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Cranallagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovel Edgeworth.

When we returned to the Library lights were brought in and the ladies commenced working, Miss Edgeworth being engaged upon a muslin cape, which sort of occupation, they said, she followed so much that people were surprised she found any time for writing. Tea was afterwards served, and a pleasant conversation maintained until bed-time. Everything went on in an easy and quiet manner, so indicative of refinement and true politeness. Among all the members of this family the greatest harmony and affection seemed to exist, and I frequently observed little acts and words which, although unimportant in themselves, showed the constant influence of these delightful qualities.

I was down in the Library the next morning at nine o'clock. Soon afterwards Miss Edgeworth came in from the garden with a large straw bonnet on her head, and holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon Prison Reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the English in general. Afterwards the subject of her own works was again introduced, and in answer to an inquiry if many of the characters and circumstances narrated were real? she said, she did not remember ever to have drawn a character which was taken entirely from life. Some incidents she had borrowed from true history. She mentioned the relater of the story in "Castle Rackrent" as very much resembling an old steward of the family. Churchill in "Helen," she said, was made up from several fashionable *diners-out*, whom she had met in London. Some of the incidents in the "Contrast," one of the "Popular Tales," were real. The shutting up of the wife in "Castle Rackrent" was also done by an officer who resided some time ago in the neighborhood. The story of the will, which forms one of the most interesting portions of "Patronage," was real, and occurred in the memoirs of the Edgeworth family, as they had been written out by her great-grandfather. Lady Davenant was an imaginary personage. Being interrupted here by an expression of great admiration for that character, she seemed pleased, and intimated

that she felt more pride in the delineation of it than in any she had ever drawn. "Simple Susan," she said, Sir Walter pronounced the most pathetic of her tales, and one which drew tears from him. In comparing domestic life in England with that in America, she expressed the idea that it must be much the same thing in both countries, and in this connexion spoke of the rapid advancement of America in many departments, and instanced the art of engraving. The plates of our Annuals, she said, were infinitely superior to the coarse prints of the Gentleman's Magazine, which in their day were so highly prized. She also spoke of our reviews—which she always read—the North American and American Quarterly, which latter was then in existence. She preferred them as reviews to the English publications, although their essays might be inferior. She said they gave her better notions of a book, and directed her what to read and what to omit reading, more judiciously than the Edinburgh and Quarterly. Something being said of the political bigotry of the English periodicals, and their mercenary devotion to the interests of publishers and booksellers, she remarked she had heard of this latter charge, but from her own experience knew nothing. She sent her books to Mr. Bentley, and with the reviewing of them she had no connexion.

After breakfast we walked in the hall and looked again at the family portraits. We examined that of the Lady making the Sign of the Cross, and also one of another Lady Edgeworth, who, although she was afraid of ghosts and fairies, had sufficient presence of mind to take a lighted candle gently with her hands from a barrel of gunpowder, into which it had been stuck by mistake during an attack upon her castle. Both these circumstances had been mentioned in the life of Richard Edgeworth, and doubted in the Reviews by ill-natured scribblers. To confirm the truth of the statement, his daughter brought out for me to read an old volume of manuscript, in her great-grandfather's own hand, in which these stories, with that of the will before-mentioned, and many other curious facts, were narrated. Besides the family portraits, there was one of Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." There were also in the hall specimens of birds and insects from America, carefully preserved; a bead chain from a mummy's neck, a box with a picture of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh upon it, made from the wood of the door of that prison, and several other curiosities.

The time now approached for me to take leave, when Miss Edgeworth voluntarily offered to give me letters to some friends of hers in England. Before sealing them she handed them to me to read, and most gratefully do I recollect the kind manner in which she had written of myself, and of America. Perhaps no better proof can be offered of the warm friendliness of her disposition than this unexpected courtesy to a young man but recently from college, who could contribute nothing to her intellectual gratification, and whose chief claim upon her regard was the introduction he had brought from a valued friend, and his own most sincere respect and admiration for her character and writings.

The coach was to start for Dublin at two o'clock, and shortly before that hour I left Edgeworthstown-House, most deeply impressed with the quiet good sense, the extensive information, the liberal views, the warm heart, and the unaffected manners of her who was its chief ornament, and whose presence now, alas! no longer distinguishes it above all the hospitable Homes of Ireland.

W. H.

CRÉBILLON THE TRAGIC.

(Concluded.)

PART III.

CRÉBILLON made his application for membership to the Academy; but, as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in excluding him. Do you know who the glorious individuals were whom these two writers admitted to the Academy whilst the author of *Rhadamiste* was waiting at the door? Danchet, Larivière, Massieu, Roquette, Fraguier, Bosvin, Nesmont, Abeille, Roland, Portail, Languet, Duboz, Sallier, Gondrin, d'Olivet, Fleurian, Gedoy, Alari. It will be seen that small literary piques have always existed in France, as in these later times. A great number of mediocrities slip quietly in when the door is half opened for a man of genius.

Although Crébillon hated libels and satire he could not restrain himself one day when in good spirits from rhyming off, in marotic verse, a fable, very bitter in its application against La Motte, Danchet, and Fontenelle. La Motte was designated under the name of a mole; he had already become blind. Danchet, who was a Hercules in stature, was painted as a camel; Fontenelle, in allusion to his finesse, wore a fox's skin. The satire ran all over Paris. The three comrades no longer contented themselves in closing the avenues of the Academy to Crébillon, but sought to ruin him in public estimation. They had no trouble at the court in succeeding in this odious design. Apropos to this I find these lines in d'Alembert: "It is not without use to remark, as a trait worthy of preservation in the history of human follies, that the enemies of Crébillon, not being able to articulate any charge against his character, set to work to find in his plays proofs of the perversity of his character. None but a black-hearted man, according to them, could choose the subjects he did."

Poor Crébillon, who picked up abandoned dogs and put them under his tattered cloak, wrote as follows in one of the prefaces of *Atrée*: "I have been charged with all the iniquities of this personage, and I am still regarded in some places as a man who is not safe to live with." Can it be believed that men of talent like La Motte and Fontenelle, I do not speak of Danchet, should have persisted in making war upon a poor man, artless and noble minded, who had injured only the tyrants of his tragedies? La Motte, the royal censor, had to be entreated a long time to grant his approbation to Semiramis; at last, the few protectors of Crébillon having represented to the author of *Ines de Castro* that somewhat more of charity was needful in literary manners, La Motte thus granted his *imprimatur*: "I have read, by order of Monseigneur the Chancellor, Semiramis, a tragedy, by M. de Crébillon, and I think that the death of Semiramis, in default of remorse, may permit one to tolerate the publication of that tragedy." What could be more pleasant than the reasons and the style of Monsieur the royal censor?

All these literary thorns only gave the greater charm to Crébillon's home, but we are turning the most touching page of his life.*

One evening, on returning after a discussion more noisy than literary at the Café Procope, Crébillon found his wife very much agitated, pressing to her bosom their sleeping infant—"Charlotte, what has happened?" "I am afraid," she said, shuddering and looking towards the bed. "What folly, you are afraid of ghosts, like a child?" "Yes, I am afraid of

* We have followed for this account the hints of Baron Hogner and the Abbé de Laporte.

ghosts—a little while ago I was about retiring: you see, I am but half dressed. In drawing aside the curtain I saw a spectre glide past the foot of the bed—I almost fainted, and scarcely had strength enough to reach the child's cradle." "You are a child yourself, you saw only the shadow of the curtain." "No, no," said the young wife, seizing the poet's hand, "it was Death; I recognised him, for it is not the first time he has approached me. Ah, mon ami, with what grief and terror I shall lay me down beneath the ground! If you love me as I do you, do not quit me any more for an instant; help me to die; if you are near me I shall think that I am but going to sleep."

Crébillon, pale and shivering, took his son and laid him in his cradle. He returned to his wife, embraced her, and in vain sought for words to divert her attention and lead her to less sombre thoughts. He persuaded her, with difficulty, to go to rest; she slept but little. He remained silent before the bed, praying in his soul, for he believed, perhaps, more than Charlotte, in presentiments. Finding that she was at last asleep, he laid down himself. When he awoke in the morning he found Charlotte, in a partially raised posture, watching his sleep. He was terrified at her worn, pale look, and the supernatural brilliancy of her eyes—as easily moved as an infant, he could not restrain two tears. She threw herself despairingly into his arms and covered him with tears and kisses. "It is over," she said, "see, my heart beats too violently to beat for a long time. But I shall die without wailing my lot, for I see well, by your tears, that you will remember me."

Crébillon rose, and ran for his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "the mother, who was as good and fair as the daughter, died at twenty-six—it was the heart that killed the mother, and will kill the daughter."

All the celebrated physicians were called in, but before they had agreed on a course of treatment, Marie Charlotte Péaget quietly expired at eleven o'clock the following evening. Crébillon, inconsolable, was not afraid of ridicule in weeping for his wife; he mourned for her for half a century, that is to say until the end of his life. For the space of two years he was scarcely seen at the *Comédie Française*. He had the air of a man of another age, so much did he seem a stranger to all that was passing about him. It might be said that he still lived with his divine Charlotte. The beloved dead live in our hearts; he saw and conversed with her incessantly. After fifteen years of mourning he was surprised in his solitude, calling aloud on Charlotte, relating to her his griefs, reminding her of their happy days. "Ah! Charlotte, they all talk to me of my fame, but I think only of thee."

Crébillon the son, who never displayed a single good impulse in his books, can he never have thought of his mother, she who addressed these sublime words to his father: "If you are near me when I die, I shall think that I am but going to sleep." We may almost believe so. According to a letter of the tragic poet, the author of the *Sofa* was a good son, who came and smoked a pipe with him once a week.

Crébillon's friends, anxious about his prospects, had advised him for a year past to present himself at the court, where he was acknowledged to be a man of genius. At an early period of his widowhood, he abruptly left Paris to reside at Versailles. But as at Paris, so at Versailles, he lived in the depths of his apartment, in the midst of lugubrious visions, so that he was scarcely noticed—the king, seeing

only a sort of Danubian peasant, proud in his genius and in his poverty, received him with a coldness almost disdainful. Crébillon, moreover, did not understand his position at Versailles. It was that of an unsophisticated philosopher who had studied heroes, not men. Convinced at last that a poet at court is of small account, he returned to Paris to live more nobly in the midst of his poverty and his heroes. He retired to the *Marais*, rue des Donze-Portes, taking with him only a poor bed, a table, two chairs, and an arm-chair, "in case an honest man should come to see me."

Irritated at having been rebuffed at Versailles, ashamed of having solicited the justice of the king in vain, he wished henceforth to believe in nothing but liberty. "Liberty," he said, "is the sentiment engraved most deeply in my heart." He unintentionally, perhaps, revenged himself in his first work. He commences the tragedy of *Cromwell*: "It is an altar which I raise to Liberty." According to d'Alembert, "he read some scenes of it to his friends, in which the aversion of the English for arbitrary power was depicted with savage energy. In consequence he was forbidden to continue the piece." His *Cromwell* was a rascal, but a rascal whom the whole world would have admired on the stage, from the grand and heroic aspect in which the author would have placed him. From that day he had enemies, but had he not those from the first night of *Electra*? Glory here below has no other cortège.

But still he was without money. By degrees, without having foreseen it, he heard creditors buzzing about his ears like a swarm of wasps. His theatrical copyrights were seized. He, for the first time in France, obtained a decision of parliament which decreed that works of imagination were not attachable. His theatrical income was therefore saved.

Several years passed without bringing another triumph. Forced by the court to break off his tragedy of *Cromwell*, he brought out *Semiramis*. This piece fell almost without a sound, as Xerxes had done a short time before. Believing that the French public would not accustom themselves to the "sombre horrors of the tempests of human passion," he tried to arm himself against his own nature, fight and subdue her. The tragedy of *Pyrrhus*, which recalled the tender shades of Racine, cost him five years' labor. So rigid was the rule of custom at that time in France, that this worthless tragedy, a painting without style or relief, of grimace rather than expression, was applauded by the spectators with enthusiasm. As a man of talent, Crébillon was not blinded by this triumph of bad taste. "It is," said he, "but the shadow of tragedy."

Pyrrhus, nevertheless, had only transient success. It was finally understood that it was only an exotic that grew but feebly beneath a foreign sky. Crébillon, in despair at having lost so much time in writing a work which had compromised his reputation, and disgusted by certain shameless coteries who gadded about from one literary café to another, singing his downfall, retired entirely from the world. He went often to the theatre, where he found a few friends to talk over and admire the *chef d'œuvre* which might be written, but at last he gave up going at all.

He lived then without any other friends than his heroes and his dogs, reading passionately the *Calprenède*, and composing romances for himself. His son testifies to having seen fifteen dogs and as many cats barking and mewling about his father, who spoke to them much more affectionately than to himself. Ac-

cording to Fréron, "He picked up and carried under his cloak all the dogs he found in the street; he bestowed his hospitality upon them with tears in his eyes, but he exacted an aptitude for certain services from them. When, after the prescribed term, the pupil was convicted of not having profited by these educational advantages, the author of *Rhadamiste* took him again under his cloak, dropped him at the corner of the street, and went groaning on his way."

At La Motte's death, Crébillon at last entered the Academy. He replaced Lériget de la Page. Thirty years after he was himself replaced by Voisenon. As he was always a singular, if not an eccentric man, he wrote his opening address in verse, which had never been done before. When he pronounced the line which has not been forgotten—

"Aucun fiel n'a jamais empoisonné ma plume,"

Malice has never poisoned my pen—

he was applauded with enthusiasm and veneration. His fable against his three incarnate enemies was not regarded, for it was more piquant than bitter. From this day, but only from this day, Crébillon was recognised as a man of heart and a man of genius. It was somewhat late; he had lost his wife, his son spent his time with boon companions, he found himself alone, expecting nothing more from the world. Lazier than a lazzaroni, he passed whole years without writing a line. Still his ever ardent imagination projected more barbarous tragedies. Having a prodigious memory, he composed and rhymed five acts without writing a word. Thinking he had produced a *chef d'œuvre*, he invited a few academicians to his house to hear a new tragedy. He recited the five acts without pausing. Judging that the *Areopagus* was not mute in admiration of the piece he said, without petulance, "You see, my friends, I had good reasons for not writing my tragedy." "Why?" asked Godoy. "Because I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire. I am going to forget it, which is sooner done."

When Crébillon, as it appeared, was no more to be dreaded in the world of letters, when it was fully decided that he was a genius in his decline, the same men who had denied his strength thought that it was a cunning way of opposing Voltaire to praise up Crébillon, on condition of one day praising up Voltaire when another dominant star should appear in the horizon. "They went," says a critic, "they went wishing to humiliate the author of *Edipus*, of *Brutus*, and of *Zaire*, and sought out in the depths of his retreat the old and worn-out Crébillon, who, silent and solitary for thirty years, could no longer be formidable to them, but whom they flattered themselves they could oppose like a sort of phantom to the brilliant author by whom they saw they were eclipsed, as the Leaguers formerly drew an old Cardinal out of the obscurity in which he lived, to give him the vain title of king, and reign under his name." There were then the Crébillonists and the Voltairians; the former, having in possession all the roads to fame, succeeded for a long time in blinding the public. Voltaire passed for a man of talent, Crébillon for the sole inheritor of the sceptre of Corneille and Racine. The cabal drew up the formula which is still in force, Corneille the Grand, Racine the Tender, Crébillon the Tragic. Crébillon had an immense advantage over Voltaire—he had done nothing for thirty years. His friends, or rather Voltaire's enemies, all said that the author of *Rhadamiste* was completing a tragedy, a marvel of dramatic art, en-

titled *Catiline*. This work was promised for too long a time, the public at last crying with Cicero, "How long, oh Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience!"

It is known that Madame de Pompadour, wearied by Voltaire's ambition, passed with all her forces to the Camp of Crébillon; it is not forgotten that she received him at court, and recommended him to the care of Louis XV. as a great poet, poor and proud. In his turn, Crébillon was appointed the royal Censor.

The war was therefore serious, even on Voltaire's side, who thought himself obliged, in order to gain the victory, to recompose all Crébillon's pieces. Gigantic and puerile courage, truly,—which must appear almost fabulous to certain writers of our day, who revenge themselves by injury, for neither Voltaire nor Crébillon ever wrote a line against one another.

Catiline was at last produced with great éclat. The entire Court was present at the first representation, and contributed without doubt much to its success. The old poet, encouraged by this, composed the *Triumvirat* with renewed ardor, but it was seen, as afterwards at the representation of Voltaire's *Irene*, that the poet was no more than the shadow of himself. The eighty years of Crébillon were respected, the audience applauded with some sympathy, but after a few days the *Triumvirat* was played in solitude. Crébillon had but one thing more to do: he died. The world was then in the year 1762.

Voltaire's enemies did not stop at Crébillon's death. They had used a shadow for their combat, they now wished to fight upon a tomb. It was decided at Versailles that a mausoleum should be raised "to the first Poet of the Age." But Louis XV. did not dare to do for Crébillon what Louis XIV. had not done for Molière, Corneille, and Racine. The monument was ordered in a loud voice, but it was whispered to the sculptor not to hurry himself; thus thirty years were needed to complete the work.

Crébillon, it cannot be denied, was one of those men who distinguished themselves in their epoch by their original and marked demeanor. This savage genius, striking us here and there by beauties of a noble mould, by bold outline, forcible color, which most often repulses us by its barbarous manner, was the genius of Crébillon. Animation, grace, and attractiveness, which pre-eminently characterize the genius of our nation, Crébillon never possessed; thus, with all his vigor and boldness, he never succeeded in creating a living work. He has drawn human perversity with a bold and manly pencil; he has exhibited the fratricide brother, the infanticide father, the parricide son; but he has never been able to reach the majestic, almost sacred horror which pervades the tragedy of the Greeks. Nevertheless Jean Jacques Rousseau acknowledged that Crébillon alone, of all our tragic poets, recalled to him the grand characteristics of the Greeks; it was merely by this naked terror, for human and philosophic sentiment were wanting to the French *Æschylus*.

There is a very beautiful portrait of Crébillon by La Tour still in existence. It will be imagined that this man, so terrible in his dramatic fury, was of dark and sombre mien. He was a fair complexioned, mild-looking man, with fine blue eyes, which were much admired by the women of his time. In this case the appearance did not denote the man any more than in Florian, who was dark, though a humorist. It must be said, however, that by dint of borrowing the mien of his heroes, and bend-

ing his eyebrows in his tragic creations, Crébillon finished by looking a little more like the man of his works. He was besides impatient and choleric, even with his dogs, even with that gentle and poetic Charlotte Péaget, who resigned herself so well to his good or evil fortune, to his days of extravagance and folly when he aped the grand seigneur, to his days of *outré* wisdom when he withdrew himself from the world.

Reviews.

STATE TRIALS OF THE UNITED STATES.

State Trials of the United States, during the Administrations of Washington and Adams; with References, Historical and Professional, and Preliminary Notes on the Politics of the Times. By Francis Wharton, Author of a "Treatise on American Criminal Law," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1849.

FORTUNATELY for this country, the list of its State Trials is not a long one. Criminal prosecutions by the Government (except for such crimes as are cognisable only by the Federal Tribunals, because committed out of the jurisdiction of any particular State) are rare, and almost unknown.

Treason with us can hardly be counted amongst the offences requiring the vigilance of police magistrates, or the penalties of statutes. The assassination of a President or a Cabinet Minister, or a plot for the subversion of any branch of the established powers of government, never enters into our minds as within the range of possibilities. The prayer for deliverance "from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," is regarded as rather a surplage in the Litany, or, at least, as calling for no special exercise of faith for its fulfilment. In fact, American ingenuity and enterprise have never directed their efforts to new improvements in these departments of crime. We are behind the Old World yet, and it is to be hoped we may always remain so, in those refinements of ordinary villany, which accompany the growth of civilization; we have never entered into any competition with it in those more serious crimes whose victim is Society in the aggregate, and whose designs are aimed, not at individuals, but at the body politic.

Besides, the checks and balances of our system of government effectually prevent the judicial tribunals of the country from ever becoming the theatres of strife, unless accidentally and momentarily, between prerogative power and popular right. The great questions of responsibility and duty between the government and the governed were settled too early and too definitely to leave room for their discussion or decision before Courts or by Judges, except in regard to the application of established principles to practical details. The Judiciary in this country can never become the engine of government oppression, nor is it needed as the engine of popular reform.

The readers of the State Trials of the United States cannot, therefore, expect to find in them the excitement or the variety which give so great a charm to the reported State Trials of England, in many of which are exhibited the most striking events of history with the highest dramatic power and interest, and in which are developed some of the grandest movements of human progress. The vivid account of the trial of the Seven Bishops, given by Macaulay, one of the finest passages in his history, has only a second-hand value compared with the reported Trial itself.

But the State Trials of the United States, during the Administration of Washington and Adams, though inferior in dramatic interest to those of England, and far fewer in number, are equally valuable in their relation to the history of the times in which they occurred. From their very character, they cannot fail to reflect the political spirit of the age—relating, as they do, almost without exception, to questions rather of political right and opinion than of personal liberty.

The peculiar state of parties, and of public feeling, of which they were mostly the offspring, and which they reflect, are traced by Mr. Wharton in his preliminary notes, as indispensable to an understanding of the Trials; and he thus gives, in the form of an Introduction, quite an extended sketch of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, and the political history of the country during the twelve years in which they were at the head of affairs. This we have read with a great deal of interest and instruction. The events of those initiatory administrations, the first essays of Modern Republicanism, were full of importance, and most momentous in their consequences. They have been only partially presented to the general reader, and are little understood, but they will not fail to repay a careful study. Especially the rise and growth of the political parties originated during the administration of Mr. Adams, the one headed by Hamilton, the other by Jefferson, and the complicated intrigues and vicissitudes which they occasioned, form a most interesting field for research. Mr. Wharton has drawn the character of Mr. Adams, and the statesmen by whom he was surrounded, and by some of whom he was betrayed, with firmness and strength. His sketches of individual character are executed with care and finish, as one or two instances will testify.

A PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

"In the Vice-President's chair sat Mr. Jefferson, serene, self-possessed, and seemingly passive, surrounded by a Senate, two-thirds of whom were politically hostile at a time when political hostility was personal, and in a city where factions ran so high that, as Mr. Marshall, a Senator from Kentucky, declared, those who happened to accompany the Vice-President from the Senate chamber to the Indian Queen tavern, where he lodged, often had to ward off insults which were aimed at him. The chair of the Senate he filled with ease and dignity, dividing his time, when out of it, between the company of literary men, particularly foreigners, of which he was very fond, and the Philosophical Society, upon which and on its committees he was a sedulous attendant. As a politician, the public never saw him. Addresses he never answered, speeches he never made; and yet rarely has there ever been a party so disciplined as that which looked up to him as its chief. This was not by any active service which he himself performed. If a code of resolutions were to be enounced to settle the faith of the infant party, Mr. Madison's judicious pen was invoked to give them shape, and his presence in the Virginia Legislature was required to add dignity to their utterances. If the young energies of the West were to be awakened, Mr. Nicholas's bolder genius was employed to impel Kentucky to a manifesto still more impetuous. Through Mr. Livingston was the alien law to be attacked; through Mr. Gallatin the funding system to be dissected; and yet while the agents of the party were operating throughout the land in perfect harmony, and with unexampled industry and skill, its chief continued, with the same disengaged equanimity, to preside in the Senate in the morning, and to pursue his philosophical amusements in the afternoon. No call was heard for caucuses; and even the hoarse voice of the Aurora, the most vehement of party organs,

never uttered any of those significant notes by which the wandering emissaries are to be recalled to the central roost for fresh instructions. Even now, when Mr. Jefferson's correspondence, or at least the most unguarded portions of it, have been published, nothing is so striking as the reserved attitude he maintains; no edicts are announced. It was from his lieutenants, and not from himself, that the orders were to issue. 'Can you not induce Mr. Madison to put his views of these laws upon paper?' 'Mr. Nicholas has the matter in hand and will give you his impressions.' The ease with which the machine worked can now be understood, by seeing how nicely each workman was fitted to his post. Thus, on the appearance of Mr. Hamilton's 'Marcellus' letters, Mr. Madison was detailed to answer them, for 'there is no person but yourself can foil him';* and Mr. Pendleton, then to the dignity of spotless age adding the charms of a style peculiarly gentle and lucid,

'Jucunda senectus
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, multo
Ingenium—

was ordered to issue a review of the Gerry correspondence, 'short, simple, and levelled to every capacity.'† But, at the time, the master hand by whom these springs were touched, was invisible to the popular eye. It was recognised by its results, not by its incidents. The party proceeded in its cycles, not under a stroke given fresh at each emergency, but under an impulse antecedently imparted; acting under the harmony of a system rather than the stress of a decree. The wisdom of its controller, like that of the inventor of the automaton chess-player, became the more wonderful, because, instead of being supposed to play well each particular move, he had the credit of having prepared beforehand, with infallible accuracy, the combinations of the whole game."

A PORTRAIT OF HAMILTON.

"But Hamilton's attitude was far different. He was not only the guide, but the champion of the party. Rejecting the mysterious habiliments of the automaton, he stood before the audience in person, bending over the board and moving the pieces unmasked. Whatever was to be done, he did himself. Neither labor, peril, nor exposure he spared. His mighty arm was ever in the thickest of the fight. Even when a boy of sixteen, his cry against British tyranny floated clear and shrill above the early voice of the revolution. When scarcely twenty, at the head of Washington's staff, the crimson of his sash was deepened with the first blood of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He led the advanced guard, at Yorktown, in that dashing charge which, on Oct. 14, 1781, drove in the first of the enemy's outposts. Nor did the field of battle alone know him. Valleyforge found his keen and comprehensive intellect mastering the details of military duty as well as the principles of military organization; and from that frozen camp, under Washington's great sanction, did he issue those fierce appeals which aroused once more the fire of the almost cowering Congress. The same dashing temper, the same splendid abilities, the same absorbing individuality, followed him in the constitutional convention, and into the assemblages, popular and representative, by which, in New York, was tried the fate of the instrument which that convention perfected. In Washington's Cabinet, which he entered when he was hardly thirty-two, he was not only the enthroned chief, but the undisputed exponent of the party which then began to confine to itself the name of Federalist. An incomparable felicity of style and precision of argument were animated by an instinct so fine as to supply him with the logarithms of politics, instead of the more tedious processes which others employed; and by his immense intellectual vitality, his readiness to expose himself at any point and to every danger, and his intrepid gallantry, he not only centred in himself the whole activity of his party, but, in a manner,

paralysed collateral energy. He became the embodiment of that party, in the same way as Mr. Jefferson's party was the embodiment of himself. Mr. Jefferson spoke only through his friends; Mr. Hamilton's friends spoke only through him. The influence of the former was subtle, equal, and gentle, operating rather through the force of a previously given rule than of an immediate precept; the influence of the latter was direct and personal, exercised at the particular moment, and pointed to the particular case. The one committed to his friends the chart by which the ship was to be guided, and then withdrew from their company; the other took the helm himself, cheering them by his presence, and controlling them by his commands."

The Trials, which form the main body of this work, are carefully arranged and compiled, so as to present their incidents, and the discussions to which they give rise, in a complete historical form, and at the same time in a way to avoid the details, which would be uninteresting to any but the professional reader. They embrace the trials of Frothingham for a libel on General Hamilton, of Cooper for a libel on Mr. Jefferson, of Cobbett and Matthew Lyon for similar offences; and, besides others, the trials of the Western Insurgents and the Northampton Insurgents, the former excited by the excise laws imposing duties on distilled spirits, and the latter by the window tax of 1798. Aided by the copious and well-digested annotations of Mr. Wharton, they will be found to present in a very striking and instructive form the history of the periods to which they relate.

ISAAC TAYLOR'S "LOYOLA."

Loyola; and Jesuitism in its Rudiments. By Isaac Taylor, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." Carter & Brothers.

THE leading incidents of the life of Loyola have of late been forcibly presented to the public in the enthusiastic, picturesque narrative of Stephens, in the *Edinburgh Review*, and by the eager and impetuous Steinmetz, who, in his "History of the Jesuits," treats his subject with the vivacity, the indifference to dignity, the zeal for impressiveness of the American newspaper. The author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, as might be anticipated, approaches the theme in a different manner. The picturesque simply as the picturesque, for an effective picture, claims little of his care; his skill in narrative does not compare in attractiveness for the million with the dashing declamation of the writer on the Port Royalists, the Clapham Sect, who has been sometimes mistaken for Macaulay; of the avidity for point and immediate effect of the fast historian to whom we have alluded, he is utterly incapable. Isaac Taylor writes as a philosopher, and his philosophic meditations rise to the region of poetry. He presses science into his service, and purifies its grosser matter in the alembic of his spirituality. He has written a series of rare, individual books—ingenious, subtle, eloquent, not without matter for opposition and controversy, but always strengthening the mind and conduct by a certain heroism of thought, independence of judgment, and refinement of motive. A new book from Isaac Taylor is an announcement which sends a thrill through many a scholar's heart, cheers many a poor student, invigorates in his labors many a devoted clergyman, to whom the heart and spiritual life in good books are an inappreciable solace. Such will welcome "Loyola and Jesuitism."

The work is in two parts, the first of which is a critical biography of the first General and

Founder of the society; the second, an investigation of its principles as they are laid up in the early documents of the Constitutions, the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the famed Letter of Obedience. In these, and especially the former, the author has abundant room for the exercise of all his acumen, what has come down to us of the life of Loyola having been, after the fashion of the Romish biographies, so mingled with superstitious marvels as to render truth not always easy of detection. It is not difficult, indeed, to separate the impossible from the probable; but another question arises of great importance,—how far the hero of the story himself sanctioned the use of the marvellous; to determine where the saint ended and the juggler began? This is a matter not always to be settled by the usual historical evidence; day and date, fact and circumstance may be given by witnesses whose honesty it is difficult to impeach, yet their testimony may be worth but little. The biographer has something to do besides investigate documents and collate authorities; he must master the character of the hero, and pronounce on the credibility and authority of the very statements which have incidentally helped him to his judgment.

The difficulty in the life of Loyola is to reconcile the apparent simplicity and fanaticism of his profession and practice, with the artful policy and complexity, the worldly sagacity which the society developed, and by which it is universally characterized in the popular mind. The qualities of an enthusiast and a fanatic are not immediately adapted for the purposes of Machiavellian statesmanship. Hence it is sometimes a solution of the difficulty to set aside Loyola in the consideration of the peculiar growth of the society, and attribute its development to his associates or successors—to suppose Loyola to have stumbled upon an available idea which others improved. This view is one which must give way before any such searching examination as that with which Isaac Taylor tests the subject.

It will be found, on such examination, that from the beginning there was a unity, a singleness of aim, an idea impressed upon the society, which was pursued by its author with invincible pertinacity. On the basis of the self-denial, austerities, and practical benevolence of the monastic orders was built the system of independence and unlimited authority. Obedience to the Pope was always insisted on, was one of the cardinal professions of the society; but if we need a proof of the purpose and sagacity of Loyola, it is in the patience and steady adroitness with which this will was circumvented when it came into opposition to the inner principles of the body. On more than one occasion obedience to the Pope was a mask, a convenient formula to be translated obedience to the order. On this unlimited obedience hung the whole institution. It not only peopled the infidel world with missionaries, ready to be tortured or devoured by cannibals: renounced the highest station for poverty and self-sacrifice; but immediately drew with it, as an inevitable consequence, the corruption of judgment and truth, for which, in its aggregate of motives and influences, no other name can be found than Jesuitism. Unlimited obedience asks for a surrender of the judgment; to surrender the judgment gracefully there must be an artful palliative; where large bodies of men are to be suborned they must be taught to lie with comfort; truth must be corrupted, and a false code be made the instrument. This sapping of principles, this corruption of virtue the world has seen

*Tuck. Life of Jeff. 30. See McCartney's U. L.'s, 267.
†3 Jeff. Com. 414.

pretty fully illustrated in precept and practice in the history of Jesuitism. It has grown to be a proverb. The common sense of the world loathes it.

But Loyola, the founder, if not a fool, is not necessarily a knave. Our author has none of the rabid Protestantizing zeal which would make the world born with Calvin or Luther, and a blank for ages before. Neither is he dazzled by the splendid Papal assumptions. He can see man and Providence in all ages and countries, and it is this test of Loyola's biography by his character—of his system by its philosophical ideas,—which is the peculiarity of the volume before us. The legendary and superstitious rubbish of the old biographers falls away from the man; the secret of the society is yielded by the Constitutions.

As an index to the biographical portions of the work we may take the author's description of the portrait of Loyola; a written frontispiece to his investigations:—

LOYOLA.

"Inigo, high-born, slenderly educated, or, as it seems, wholly untaught in letters, yet accomplished in all graceful and chivalrous arts, wanted no advantage that might secure to him, in ample measure, the smiles and favors which are to be won and enjoyed in courts, palaces, pavilions, and camps. He is described by his contemporaries as of middle stature, with an aspect full of grace and dignity; a complexion between the fair and swarthy; an ample and prominent forehead; an eye sparkling, and full of life; the nose somewhat long and curved. He limped slightly, but not awkwardly, in consequence of the injury his leg had sustained in the hands of the surgeons. It is affirmed that he would never grant permission to painters or sculptors to exercise their art upon him; and that the extant portraits and medallions were all derived from a cast taken after death.

"If authenticity could be attributed to a medallion, the execution of which might seem to vouch for its genuineness, and which accords well with the description given of their friend and master by his followers, we may assume him to have been handsome, after the Spanish type, and decisively of military mould and aspect. The air is that of the ecclesiastic, induced upon a form and temperament which was thoroughly that of the soldier. The contour, symmetrical and rotund, is expressive of a hopeful, enterprising, and chivalrous, rather than of a reflective turn. One would say that the outward life is more to this man than the inward life. The intense attitude is that of one whose own emotions and impressions rule his animal system, leaving him little under the control of persons or things around him. He is self-prompted; self-possessed, sure, determined, unhesitating, firm; but not remorseless or inexorable. He is fertile in resources; nor ever desponds because he has no means of help left him. He is nice in his perceptions, has a keen relish for enjoyment; and—must it not be said? is of a pleasure-loving constitution? One would not think him the ascetic or the self-tormentor. He is well fleshed, and sanguineous, and is accustomed—so one might surmise—to adjust all differences between flesh and spirit in a reasonable manner. If imaginative, it is only within the narrowest limits; his imagination lights up at a spark, but as it has little oil of its own, it does not burn with any rich, copious, or continuous splendor. Yet assuredly there is nothing malignant in this physiognomy; it indicates no acerbity, no sullen pride, no retention of anger. This man is too happy in himself to harbor a resentment.

"Thus far, then, the medallion consists with the history of 'Saint Ignatius'; but it must be confessed that if any score of portraits, unnamed, were spread on the table, and it were demanded that the founder of the order of Jesuits should be

singled out from among them, several probably of that number would be selected sooner than this. If, indeed, *this* be the image of the author of that Institute, how shrouded was that intelligence;—how many fathoms deep was that mind seated, which conceived a scheme for ruling the world, and which went far towards actually ruling it!"

If we may detach any portion from the necessarily intricate and inseparable thought-web of an analysis of Jesuitism, the following may be taken as the cardinal idea of the Jesuit Society:—

"DOMINION" OF THE ORDER.

"The care of souls is the very office which those would be forward to undertake whose intention it was to possess themselves, not of the shadow, but of the very substance of universal empire. The abstract idea of Power has been but poorly realized in even the most perfect forms of government hitherto established among men. Civil governments, when the most absolute, do not touch upon the exterior of such a conception of DOMINION as the mind may entertain. Secular power professes to be content with that submission or obedience which insures to itself its tangible revenues, its state, and its show; its pageantry, its gorgeous pomps, and its trophies; as for the rest, it cares little. Ecclesiastical power looks somewhat further than this, and demands a more intimate kind of assent and compliance. Yet, knowing that beyond the lip, and the visage, and the knee, it can secure nothing without infinite painstaking on its own part, it is willing to accept the hypocrisies of the exterior man as sufficient, even although conscious that the homage it receives is spurious. The Church has asked either for a genuine or for a counterfeit submission;—the former, if it could be had; but if not, the latter.

"Yet something far more real than this there was room to imagine—namely, a *true* dominion, reaching to the very depth of men's hearts, and which, when so possessed of the interior, might be indifferent concerning the crust and the shell;—this was an object which, if thought of as attainable, was fitted to kindle the profoundest ambition; and, on the supposition that an object so vast and so awfully consistent with itself was contemplated by the authors of the Jesuit Institute, then every part of that complicated scheme is seen to be a means well adapted to such an end. Assuming this theory, there is no longer any perplexing disproportion between the means and the end; and then the care of souls, undertaken by men who have passed through a discipline so stern, and who have bound themselves by vows so fearful, is the first and principal labor which should prepare the ground for the intended superstructure. On this supposition, Jesuitism no longer (as otherwise it must) stultifies itself; and it is able—as we might be sure it would be—to give a rational account of itself—TO ITSELF. It has not put itself to infinite pains—for nothing."

To prove this principle in its multiform development, is to follow one of the most remarkable and profitable studies on the page of history—for it is the narrative, not of mechanical wars and conquests, the work of brute force, but of a constant moral struggle which has been allied to the great and improving movements of state, and has whatever grandeur they can bestow, with the higher interest of that knowledge of good and evil, of truth and falsehood, of slavery and of independence, which every human being carries about with him in his personal consciousness.

One vindication of our author of human nature against a subtle attack of Jesuitism is worthy of note. It is a philosophical protest, in the name of humanity, against the Confessional, and is drawn forth by a survey of that engine of Jesuitry, the Manifestation of the Conscience, which bears the same relation to the ordinary confession that the rack does to a

legal examination. What follows is nobly said—worthy of a Milton:—

INDIVIDUAL INVIOABILITY.

"The very rudiment of the intellectual, as well as of the moral life, is the power of reserve. This incrusting of the soul is the first law, and it is the necessary condition of that *individuality*, apart from which there remains no fulcrum of resolve, no self-originating progress or purpose, no liberty, no dignity, no love; and, therefore, by inevitable consequence, no virtue. Whoever will follow out in idea these conditions, will feel that wisdom and virtue, strength of purpose, self-respect, and respect for others (apart from which love is not possible) can no longer be conceived of after we have rejected from our conception of human nature all power of seclusion and concealment, and have thoroughly denuded the individual mind and heart. Man, created as he was in the likeness of God, bears upon his very front no ambiguous indication of his participation in that perfection of the Divine nature which surrounds it with 'clouds and darkness.' 'None by searching can find out God,' or, 'know His mind,' for 'He giveth no account of any of His matters.' He still 'hideth himself,' even in the heavens where His glory is manifested. And so, while endeavoring distinctly to conceive of any order of beings, we wholly fail to associate with such a conception the idea of *personal virtue*, until we have admitted the idea of *individual inviolability*; Virtue will have her vesture. That this power of concealment is in fact of primary importance, as the ground or support of individual responsibility, may well be inferred from the fact that, in the constitution of man, it has been guarded with the utmost care. How terrific an illustration of that sacred inviolability with which the Creator has endowed human nature do we obtain when mechanic ingenuity is seen to be exhausting in vain its last devices of torture at the bidding of tyranny, only to break up by force this power of reserve, and to violate this inviolability! Blood oozes from every vein—the sinews crack—the marrow of the bones drops from the fingers' ends, sooner than the secrets of a firmly constructed soul can be wrrenched from the bosom! The quivering lips emit involuntary groans; but they do not belie that awful truth of the moral system—That God's own hand has sealed man's individuality, by conferring upon him this strength of the will! Can it then be a light matter to fret away, by little and little, this covering of the soul, which is the fence of virtue, and its necessary condition, and which the Creator has planted so deep in the recesses of our nature?

"That which despotism attempts to accomplish by the anguish of the rack, a perverted and vicious ingenuity has sought to achieve by its sinister procedures.

"If love be the perfection of virtue, or if virtue be love universal, then is it certain that, if by any means an entire exposure of the inmost soul could be effected, such as would rend away the last reserve of self-esteem, then virtue would be possible no more. Even an approach towards such a denuding of the heart, and towards such an abandonment of individuality, is felt to be prejudicial to the purest affections. Those who are well skilled in human nature do not need to be told this; for they are conscious of it as by a sort of intuition. Love is the communing of two spirits, or it is such an intertwining of natures as that while the branches, the foliage, and the clusters appear all as one mass, yet each plant has its own stem, and its own root; and the root of each must draw its nourishment from a depth beneath, and apart from the other. It is the weakly-fond, it is not the wise, who would push the revealing of hearts beyond all limit. It is a diseased prurience, not a virtuous ingenuousness, which shows itself impatient of all concealment. A mind that has been violated by the prurience or by the tyranny of another, feels that it has lost, and perhaps has lost irrecoverably, its contractile force;—henceforward individual purposes and resolves,

and energy, and the calm consciousness of strength, are gone! Now the Romish practice of Confession, whatever evils may attend it, does not in any *such* manner violate the inner principle of the moral nature. Confession may, indeed, and it should, suffice the cheek with crimson; but this Jesuit practice of the manifestation of the conscience, which leaves nothing unrevealed, spreads over the visage the pallidness of despair. Shame—that is to say a virtuous shame—the shame whence reformation might take its rise, springs from a painful consciousness of the contrast which the penitent's own confession has presented to the eye of another, between that outside of virtue which personal reserve has hitherto maintained, and the delinquency which has now been disclosed. But if all reserve has been abandoned, shame can have place no more; for there can now be no contrasts; no confusion of face; no humbling of pride; henceforth there is room only for sullen despondency, for self-contempt, or for immovable apathy!"

LADY ALICE.

Lady Alice; or, the New Una. A Novel.
New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1849.

THE attractive exterior, white paper, and clear type of this new novel make it one of the curiosities of light literature. It is some time since we have seen so respectable a romance. It has been rescued from the double columns and dingy pages of the "Library of Select Romance," and presented to the public in a readable and preservable shape. It is copyrighted as an American work. The encomiums of the *London Court Journal*, which paper gives it credit for the display of an uncommon insight into the mysteries of English aristocratic society, may receive an additional motive from the discovery that *Lady Alice* is the production of an American clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Huntington, who, out of five years of foreign travel, has spent but a few days in England! So much, at least, we have been credibly told. We congratulate the author on the success which has attended the publication of his book in London, and which is, we presume, already secured for it at home.

To stop here, however, would be injustice to the prepossessing appearance of *Lady Alice*, and to the pretension with which her claims are advanced (not offensively, but with something of confident assurance) to a position considerably above the common level of modern Romances. The author has elaborated his work with care and industry. He invites its critical perusal, and a judgment upon its merits, less as a fiction and a love story than as a work of art, exhibiting a high idea and a lofty moral. We have read it more carefully than is our custom with similar works, and are disposed to write about it in a corresponding spirit.

At the outset, there is one thing we like about the book. It is a genuine novel, with a plot and a catastrophe. There is a hero and a heroine who marry one another, and there is a villain who gets shot. Besides which, there is plenty of high-seasoned romance. Although the story is confessedly for the sake of a moral, and, in part, of a doctrine, the author wisely perceives that there is very little staple for the purposes of fiction in morals and doctrines by themselves. They must be displayed, like very precious jewels, in the most elaborate setting. The piety and the prudence which the reader would quite overlook in a *parvenu*, he will admire prodigiously in a princess. The religion which he would be apt to think dull in the parish church, invests itself with the most salutary and delightful influences in the warm atmosphere of a ducal chapel.

Accordingly the author abandons the meagre rôle of the moralist, rises at once into the upper regions of romance, and being there, selects his materials with the most discriminating spirit of eclecticism. He is determined to have everything of the best. His characters are picked out of the selectest society. They are almost all lords and ladies. The two volumes are a sort of drag-net of the British peerage, though, to do justice to *Lady Alice's* set, pretty much everybody is discarded who isn't a collateral of the royal family or a lineal of the Tudors, Plantagenets, or Stuarts. But their rank is nothing to their wealth, and their wealth is nothing to their good looks. To say that they roll in gold conveys a faint idea, for gold, after all, is only the raw material of their magnificence. They move about in such an expensive atmosphere, and under such a press of frescoes, carvings, gildings, jewelry, and upholstery, as it makes one open one's eyes to read about. Take as a specimen the description of the apartment which the hero, Mr. Frederick Clifford, denominates his "den," and in which he receives morning calls:—

A BACHELOR'S DEN.

"The walls up to a certain height were wainscoted with ivory delicately carved. Superiorly they were painted in arabesques, inclosing inscriptions in five oriental languages, emblazoned in blue, red, and orange, on a ground of silver. The ceiling was Moorish, of purple, scarlet, and gold. A green silk divan ran along one side. Opposite one window opened into a small, brilliant conservatory, filled with tropical plants; the other, into an aviary full of birds of dazzling plumage or delicious note. The apartment resounded with their songs. Both windows were enlivened by the sparkle of a fountain. The pier between them flashed with gorgeous eastern arms. Many brilliant objects of an oriental character were scattered about; the marble floor was covered with Persian carpets. At the upper end of the room, the divan became a dais covered with enormous cushions of silk and gold. Here was a Chinese chess-board; an Indian apparatus for smoking, with a long smoky tube of silver, the *mouth-piece* formed wholly of jewels, representing the head of a serpent. Here also lay an illuminated volume of Persian poetry; and on a small carpet was extended a white Indian hound with a golden collar, who raised his head with intelligence as the visitor entered. Clifford himself wore a robe of Indian cloth of silver, and as they seated themselves, he clasped his hands with a slight smile, and forthwith entered a *Negro*, a *Hindoo*, and a *Chinese* in appropriate costumes. The first bore coffee, the second pipes, the third, on a silver of enamel, a diminutive cup of exquisite porcelain. It exhaled a perfume that filled the whole apartment.

"That," said Clifford, "is some of the precious tea-plant that grows only in a small district in the northwest of China, and which yet never visits even Russia, so famous for teas. I advise you to try it."

But we said their wealth was nothing to their good looks. Nor is it; every style and shade of masculine beauty and feminine loveliness being exemplified in the *dramatis personæ* of the tale. There is the greatest abundance of pencilled eyebrows, classic noses, chiselled cheeks and polished chins, massive curls, luxuriant locks, and all sorts and descriptions of remarkable eyes. *Lady Alice* is loveliness itself; her lover is a mixture of Apollo and Antinous, and even her waiting-maid is the most enchanting of *soubrelles*.

This is all very well. The novelist is right in being fastidious; in giving the *entrée* to his pages only to the brilliant and distinguished. If we were writing a romance we should be tempted to do the same thing. It is pleasant to take one's revenge upon the stupidities of

every-day life, by creating an ideal society within whose magical circle mediocrity is not tolerated, and from which ugliness and dullness are excluded. It is pleasant to redress the proverbial inequalities of fortune and fate by the poetical equities of fiction; to reward merit and genius with patrimonies that cost only a paragraph, and entail estates upon happy couples with ten strokes of the pen. And in all seriousness, we readily admit that, in a work intentioned like the present, there is for its ulterior purposes an addition of power in this selection and combination of the most attractive elements. There is, after all, a charm and a fascination in the prerogatives of rank and wealth which the wisest are readiest to acknowledge, and there is a sovereign power in beauty which the most stoical cannot hesitate to confess.

Lady Alice could not be the new *Una* if she were not a transcendent character. She is intended as the ideal of goodness, beauty, and faith. She is desperately and passionately in love, but sacrifices her affections, not for the sake of a religious principle, but more than that, almost for the sake of a religious punctilio. She is the victim of outrageous villainies, and the cruellest sort of fate; but in the midst of fraud, and violence, and misfortune, she moves like an angel of light, unsoiled and undismayed. Her lover is her counterpart; as lofty in sentiment and as victorious over adversity.

Now to display the ideal perfections of this remarkable couple, and more especially to exhibit the moral of their lives, and of the whole book—the triumphant destiny of patient endurance and undoubting faith—the author, according to his theory of romance, has to place them in a variety of very extraordinary and improbable positions. The whole book, in fact, abounds in unsupposable scenes and impossible actions. The most glaring of these are the main incidents of the story (the forcible abduction and kidnapping of the *Lady Alice* on the coast of Devonshire by the employés of a desperate young Marquis, under the very eyes of her lover); and its sequences—her supposed death by shipwreck; her real wanderings over the Continent in the disguise of an artist, under which disguise she deceives everybody, including a party of German painters, with whom she scours the Alps, all the artists at Rome, and finally her whole family, with whom she becomes very intimate at that city, some years after they had supposed her dead and drowned; and above all, her lover himself, who actually lives in the same house with her for months, and is her bosom friend, without a suspicion of the truth!

Here is improbability pushed to the point of absurdity. To which our author answers, Very true, but my characters are ideal, and so are my incidents; all this is half an allegory for the sake of the moral. An inadmissible excuse, where the work purports to be, or is in fact a romance of real life. The author is at liberty to idealize character and sentiment, but there is no such thing as idealizing scenes and situations. *Lady Alice* and her lover may be, in their moral qualities and dispositions, unlike the world that surrounds them, the pure creations of the author's intellect. But St. James's Square and Hyde Park Corner and the Pincian Hill remain the same, and cannot be etherealized to suit the conveniences of the novelist; nor is there any way of abolishing the immutable distinction between petticoats and pantaloons. Allegory is allegory, and good enough in its place, but it cannot be brought in to help out the impossibilities of fiction.

The moment the incidents and the characters are made allegorical, they lose all the interest with which their previous reality has invested them. The author's resort to the semi-allegorical suggests the idea of a traveller who begins his journey on foot and ends it in a balloon.

More than this, in all works of art, the ideal of character and sentiment can only be exhibited with power and truth by the closest union with the actualities and probabilities of life. It is by the connexion and yet by the contrast thus afforded, that the highest effect is to be attained. The Madonna of Raphael exhibits in expression and manifested feeling an unattainable perfection of feminine purity and grace, but it shines through the features and form of ordinary womanhood, and amidst accessories familiar to every day's experience. The moral which needs for its display a departure from the wide circle of human experience and reality, into the shifting regions of improbability, impresses us with a doubt whether the necessity is owing to the want of truth in the moral or the want of power in the writer.

Here we are forced to the latter conclusion. More especially because, in addition to what has been noticed above, we find another artistic defect, and a very serious one. In spite of the elaborated excellences of the heroine, who is intended to be the soul of the book, and the centre of its interest, we think the author has entirely failed in making her his prominent character. She is entirely eclipsed by the more brilliant and conspicuous Madame de Schomberg, to whom some seventy pages of the first volume, and a great portion of the remainder of the work, are exclusively devoted. She is the character of the book; spirited, passionate, and romantic, the real heroine of the story. The effect of her character is also marred by glaring violations of probability, but it is not as completely spoiled as that of Lady Alice.

We must give Mr. Huntington credit for ingenuity of management and happiness of distribution in the development of his plot. Also for many brilliant passages of description, which show him to have been a close student of nature, in scenes where nature is best studied; also for very marked success in one of the most difficult departments of writing into which the exigencies of a story of fashionable manners and modern society repeatedly lead him. His pictures of many familiar places of natural beauty and sacred associations, remind us of the grace and felicity of the author of the *Improvisatore*, in similar delineations; while the life and vivacity of his social scenes rival the brilliant conversations of *Coningsby*.

Nevertheless, as a work of art, we are entirely disappointed in *Lady Alice*; and of its *morality*, using the word in a descriptive and comprehensive sense, we cannot speak more favorably. We do not intend to quarrel with the religious opinions or ecclesiastical preferences of the author. These he had as unquestioned a right to advance and illustrate in his book as he had to adopt them in his mind. How far he could interweave them with his plot without weakening its interest, or how far, considering their peculiarity, they could be rendered attractive adjuncts to his main design, were questions of expediency and taste. The conversion of a young gentleman from Romanism to ultra Church of Englandism, on the grounds of its historico-traditional superiority, is hardly substantial enough in its interest for the turning point of the plot of a romance; and it may be questioned whether

the religious machinery of the book, requiring, as it does, such constant waiting on the part of the reader at chapels, and altars, and aspersoria, is not somewhat cumbersome and discouraging. Possibly, too, for instance, the edifying sight of Lady Alice's Sisterhood of Mercy, "forty of them together, in black robes and white muslin veils, going up the aisle in procession, and the uniformed children of the school, two and two, every pair making a genuflexion and the sign of the cross in front of the altar, before taking their places," will not impress every one as such an unmistakable evidence of the "right feeling," as it did Mr. Frederick Clifford.

All this, however, we may set down to the professional account of the author, and not to be complained of. What we do complain of is the introduction into his pages, devoted, as so many of them are, to at least the semblances and shows of sacred things, of many scenes and incidents of a questionable propriety, and above all for falling into the common error of novelists—an error which in theory he condemns himself—of enlisting the compassion due only to suffering virtue, for frailty and crime, exciting sympathy for objects unworthy, and giving to positive wrongs the gloss of palliation or the support of laborious apology.

In regard to the first of these specifications we confess we judge strictly, and with a reason. When we are introduced into the company of paragons we are on the close watch for misbehavior, and the chase after perfection quickens our scent of its opposite. Without particularizing, we remember several passages and tableaux worthy of a school of fiction with which our author would repel the thought of association. The adventures and general behavior of the lady whom we consider the real heroine of the book, taken altogether in their full bearings, come fully within the scope of our second charge, while as to the third it may not be amiss to go into minuter details. It was very difficult, even in a novel charged with so much of the "unfeigned virtue of Paradise," to get over the villainies with which two or three of its titled characters persecute two or three others, without, at least, a couple of duels. The first is fought by Mr. Frederick Clifford, the hero himself, and proprietor of the Hindoo, Negro, and Chinese, in his own proper person. It is fought in the interval between his conversation with the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Courtenay which precedes, and his letter to that gentleman which announces, his conversion to the true faith. On page 47, under the "eloquence and power" of his Hon. and Rev. friend, "the beauty and sanctity of the Truth first rise before him." On page 67 he fights the duel; and on the very next page commences the elaborate epistle in which, with marvellous fluency of Scriptural quotation and ecclesiastical nomenclature, he unfolds the process of his enlightenment. This duel the author thinks so plainly demanded by circumstances as to require not a syllable of apology. Mr. Frederick Clifford is the challenger, to be sure; but it is for good cause shown, and, like a gentleman and a Christian, he gives his antagonist the choice of weapons, and magnanimously refuses to "pink" him when he might do it as well as not.

The second duel, however, is a more serious and deliberate affair. It is part of the *dénouement* of the whole story, and is worked up with tragical effect. It is prefaced by a labored apology, or rather it is enforced by a sort of religious sanction. The author stops to say grace over the supper of horrors. In this

duel, too, there is a shifting of scenes more striking even than that noticed in the other. The hero is sick, and supposed to be dying. He has made his confession and received absolution (of course he doesn't die, but has a surprising recovery to the great consternation of the doctor). "The holy gifts," the story goes on to say, "were communicated to Lord Stratherne and Grace, then to Alice, still kneeling at Clifford's side, and last, to himself." The next appearance of Lord Stratherne, the first of these communicants, is on the following morning, *en route* for the duelling ground.

"You don't mean to throw away your fire, I take it, Stratherne!" said his second.

"Certainly not," replied the Earl, gravely.

Nor does he throw it away, but hits his antagonist with unmistakable effect. Now it is no more than fair to let the author speak for himself in making out a case in Lord Stratherne's behalf, and it will be seen that in his view of the matter the duel of the morning was almost as religious a ceremony as that of the day before.

THE DIGNITY OF DUELLING.

"Whether the removal of one of the grave responsibilities, which have hitherto attached to the actions of the higher classes in Christendom, can take place without endangering a principle that has hitherto separated the Gothic civilization from that of the East, and of Pagan antiquity—the principle, namely, that the individual, though subject to the State, is never resolved into it—merits the consideration of moralists and students of the higher politics. The reconciliation of the law of chivalry with the law of Christian love is so little difficult that they may indeed be said so to oppose, as mutually to sustain, each other,—that is to say, they are, as it were, the polar manifestations of one living principle, now exhibiting itself as meekness, and now as self-denying courage. Here showing the lamb-like nature, and here, the lion-heart; prompting in the same individual, forgiveness of injuries and generosity to foes, and resistance to oppression, the defence of the oppressed. And without confounding in this vindication of the knightly character (traditional though now it be) any apology for the false code of honor and the miserable custom of modern duelling, it may be affirmed, unhesitatingly, that 'God gave not men swords in vain,' and that He meant them to be so used as to secure the awful seriousness of our life in this world militant from the beginning to the end."

But, to our thinking, this is as miserable and shallow a piece of sophistry as any of those by which the advocates of "modern duelling" undertake to dignify revenge into duty, and make the positive commandments of God subservient to the false passions of men. We know of no subtle distinction in morals, and no criterion of character by which any man, under any circumstances, is permitted deliberately to assume the Divine prerogative of vengeance. Outside of this rule there is safety, for there is no certainty. The of our author contains the germ of it for every duel where there is a ed on the one side, and suffer in reality or in fancy; a ca sive enough to include w of the duels which ha bilities and violat communities. A gyman, our author moral had he racters the which if forcible favo to

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either the magnanimity of forgiveness or the fortitude of endurance.

This book has strengthened our conviction that the practical Christian moralities of life are very feebly enforced, if they are not positively weakened, by the prevailing style of modern religious fictions. In spite of protestations and theories, such as this novel is prefaced with and interspersed with, we find almost always, as here, the same substitution of sentiment for principle, passion for duty, sympathy for faith, the fictitious in a thousand ways for the true, the false in a thousand shapes for the real. From the Social Utopia the Religious Novelist and the Quack Doctor should be exiled by the same statute.

Original Poetry.

A LAUREL BLOSSOM.

THE broad and glossy leaves surround
The laurel blossom fair,
Like ivory young temples bound
With shining bands of hair.
And says the flower naught to thee
Who art its sister, dear?

Nay, nay, see, love! the flower's mute,
She uttered with a smile.
Speak thou. My heart as softest lute
Shall answer thee the while,
And sure no touching of thy hand
Can any cord defile.

Ah, love, I said, thy loveliness
Will fade away and die.
For see thy little feet they press
The bloom that was so high.
Yea, this fair cheek that warms to mine
With meaneest things will lie.

Then bending forward to elude
My gaze. I know indeed,
She said with utterance subdued,
That through the portals low and yewed
My spirit will be freed.
But is there naught more high and sweet,
My poet, in thy creed?

And now her eyes came swiftly up
With brimming love to mine.
Oh friend, as you would drain a cup
Of generous Rhenish wine,
I drank from out those shaded wells;
Tarns fringed around with pine.
Then fervently; Yes, thanks to God,
Thou canst not wholly die,
Though underneath the sloping sod,
Meek kisser of the lifted rod,
Thy winning ways all lie.
Fade young May bloom; fresh spread the
leaves

That brave the wintry sky.
Until the lord of all this wood
With Godlike mouth shall say to thee;
"Well done, thou servant wise and good."
Yes, deathless spirit at my knee,
Himself the dear Lord whom we love,
With Godlike mouth shall speak to thee.

J. M. LEGARÉ.

Aiken, March 11th.

THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The National Intelligencer says: "After the most solicitous examination into the means at the disposal of our naval service—not merely ordinary means, but any that could be applied by the resort to a bold exercise of discretion—it has been found, we are sorry to say, impossible to equip, within the necessary time, any such expedition as could be sent with the slightest prudence, the slightest assurance against probabilities of five to one that we should lose our own vessels and men, without finding Sir John Franklin."

FEAR MUST YIELD TO HAPPINESS, OR HAPPINESS TO FEAR.—Sir John Eliot's *Monarchy of Man*.

Passages from Works in Press.

GOLDSMITH ON HIS TRAVELS

[A chapter from the forthcoming new *Life of the Poet and Humorist*, by Washington Irving.]

His usual indiscretion attended Goldsmith at the very outset of his foreign enterprise. He had intended to take shipping at Leith for Holland; but on arriving at that port, he found a ship about to sail for Bordeaux, with six agreeable passengers, whose acquaintance he had probably made at the inn. He was not a man to resist a sudden impulse; so, instead of embarking for Holland, he found himself ploughing the seas on his way to the other side of the continent. Scarcely had the ship been two days at sea, when she was driven by stress of weather to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Here "of course" Goldsmith and his agreeable fellow-passengers found it expedient to go on shore and "refresh themselves after the fatigues of the voyage." "Of course" they frolicked and made merry until a late hour in the evening, when, in the midst of their hilarity, the door was burst open, and a serjeant and twelve grenadiers entered with fixed bayonets, and took the whole convivial party prisoners.

It seems that the agreeable companions with whom our greenhorn had struck up such a sudden intimacy, were Scotchmen in the French service, who had been in Scotland enlisting recruits for the French army.

In vain Goldsmith protested his innocence; he was marched off with his fellow revellers to prison, whence he with difficulty obtained his release at the end of a fortnight. With his customary facility, however, at palliating his misadventures, he found everything turn out for the best. His imprisonment saved his life, for during his detention the ship proceeded on her voyage, but was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all on board perished.

Goldsmith's second embarkation was for Holland direct, and in nine days he arrived at Rotterdam, whence he proceeded, without any more deviations, to Leyden. He gives a whimsical picture, in one of his letters, of the appearance of the Hollanders. "The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy, disengaged air. He is vastly ceremonious, and is, perhaps, exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a lank head of hair he wears a half-cocked, narrow hat, laced with black riband; no coat, but seven waistcoats and nine pair of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! why, she wears a large fur cap, with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

"A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove of coals, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats, and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe."

In the same letter he contrasts Scotland and Holland. "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here it is all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed Duchess issuing from a dirty close, and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip, planted in

dung; but I can never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox."

The country itself awakened his admiration. "Nothing," said he, "can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, present themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed." And again, in his noble description in "The Traveller":

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Imbued in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amid the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world before him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

He remained about a year at Leyden, attending the lectures of Gaubius on chemistry and Albinus on anatomy; though his studies are said to have been miscellaneous, and directed to literature rather than science. The thirty-three pounds with which he had set out on his travels were soon consumed, and he was put to many a shift to meet his expenses until his precarious remittances should arrive. He had a good friend on these occasions in a fellow-student and countryman, named Ellis, who afterwards rose to eminence as a physician. He used frequently to loan small sums to Goldsmith, which were always scrupulously paid. Ellis discovered the innate merits of the poor awkward student, and used to declare in after life that it was a common remark in Leyden, that in all the peculiarities of Goldsmith an elevation of mind was to be noted; a philosophical tone and manner; the feelings of a gentleman, and the language and information of a scholar.

Sometimes, in his emergencies, Goldsmith undertook to teach the English language. It is true he was ignorant of the Dutch, but he had a smattering of the French, picked up among the Irish priests at Ballymahon. He depicts his whimsical embarrassment in this respect, in his account in the *Vicar of Wakefield* of the *philosophical vagabond* who went to Holland to teach the natives English, without knowing a word of their own language. Sometimes, when sorely pinched, and sometimes, perhaps, when flush, he resorted to the gambling tables, which in those days abounded in Holland. His good friend Ellis repeatedly warned him against this unfortunate propensity, but in vain. It brought its own cure, or rather its own punishment, by stripping him of every shilling.

Ellis once more stepped in to his relief with a true Irishman's generosity, but with more consideration than generally characterizes an Irishman, for he only granted pecuniary aid on condition of his quitting the sphere of danger. Goldsmith gladly consented to leave Holland, being anxious to visit other parts. He intended to proceed to Paris and pursue his studies there, and was furnished by his friend with money for the journey. Unluckily, he rambled into the garden of a florist just before quitting Leyden. The tulip mania was still prevalent in Holland, and some species of that splendid flower brought immense prices. In wandering through the garden, Goldsmith recollected that his uncle

Contarine was a tulip fancier. The thought suddenly struck him that here was an opportunity of testifying, in a delicate manner, his sense of that generous uncle's past kindnesses. In an instant his hand was in his pocket; a number of choice and costly tulip-roots were purchased and packed up for Mr. Contarine; and it was not until he had paid for them that he bethought himself that he had spent all the money borrowed for his travelling expenses. Too proud, however, to give up his journey, and too shamefaced to make another appeal to his friend's liberality, he determined to travel on foot, and depend upon chance and good luck for the means of getting forward; and it is said that he actually set off on a tour of the Continent, in February, 1775, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea.

"Blessed," says one of his biographers, "with a good constitution, an adventurous spirit, and with that thoughtless, or, perhaps, happy disposition which takes no care for tomorrow, he continued his travels for a long time, in spite of innumerable privations." In his amusing narrative of the adventures of a "Philosophic Vagabond" in the "Vicar of Wakefield," we find shadowed out the expedients he pursued. "I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but in truth I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavors to please them."

At Paris he attended the chemical lectures of Ronelle, then in great vogue, where he says he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as graced the court of Versailles. His love of theatricals, also, led him to attend the performances of the celebrated actress Mademoiselle Clairon, with which he was greatly delighted. He seems to have looked upon the state of society with the eye of a philosopher, but to have read the signs of the times with the prophetic eye of a poet. In his rambles about the environs of Paris, he was struck with the immense quantities of game running about almost in a tame state; and saw in those costly and rigid preserves for the amusement and luxury of the privileged few, a sure "badge of the slavery of the people." The slavery he predicted was drawing towards a close. "When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the court, and the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction, presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who till of late received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of Freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free." Events have testified to the sage forecast of the poet.

During a brief sojourn in Paris, he appears to have gained access to valuable society, and to have had the honor and pleasure of making the acquaintance of Voltaire; of whom, in after years, he wrote a memoir. "As a companion," says he, "no man ever exceeded him

when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and got over a hesitating manner, which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty: every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. "The person who writes this memoir," continues he, "remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle (then nearly a hundred years old), who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favorite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph until about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost defiance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute." Goldsmith's ramblings took him into Germany and Switzerland, from which last mentioned country he sent to his brother in Ireland the first brief sketch, afterwards amplified into his poem of the "Traveller."

At Geneva he became travelling tutor to a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker, who had been suddenly elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentleman, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was an arrant pettifogger in money matters. Never were two beings more ill assorted than he and Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor and the pupil from the following extract from the narrative of the "Philosophic Vagabond."

"I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion; all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved—which was the least expensive course of travel—whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was: and all this though not yet twenty-one."

In this sketch Goldsmith undoubtedly shadows forth his annoyances as travelling tutor to this concrete young gentleman, compounded of the pawnbroker, the pettifogger, and the West Indian heir, with an overlaying of the city miser. They had continual difficulties on all points of expense until they reached Marseilles, when both were glad to separate.

Once more on foot, but freed from the irksome duties of "bear leader," and with some of his pay, as tutor, in his pocket, Goldsmith continued his half vagrant peregrinations through part of France and Piedmont, and some of the Italian States. He had acquired, as has been shown, a habit of shifting along and living by expedients, and a new one presented itself in Italy. "My skill in music," says he, in the *Philosophic Vagabond*, "could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant: for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night." Though a poor wandering scholar, his reception in these learned piles was as free from humiliation as in the cottages of the peasantry. "With the members of these establishments," said he, "I could converse on topics of literature, and then I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances."

At Padua, where he remained some months, he is said to have taken his medical degree. It is probable he was brought to a pause in this city by the death of his uncle Contarine; who had hitherto assisted him in his wanderings by occasional, though, of course, slender remittances. Deprived of this source of supplies, he wrote to his friends in Ireland, and especially to his brother-in-law, Hodson, describing his destitute situation. His letters brought him neither money nor reply. It appears, from subsequent correspondence, that his brother-in-law actually exerted himself to raise a subscription for his assistance among his relatives, friends, and acquaintance, but without success. Their faith and hope in him were most probably at an end; as yet he had disappointed them at every point, he had given none of the anticipated proofs of talent, and they were too poor to support what they may have considered the wandering propensities of a heedless spendthrift.

Thus left to his own precarious resources, Goldsmith gave up all further wandering in Italy, without visiting the south, though Rome and Naples must have held out powerful attractions to one of his poetical cast. Once more resuming his pilgrim staff, he turned his face towards England, "walking along from city to city, examining mankind more nearly, and seeing both sides of the picture." In traversing France his flute—his magic flute!—was once more in requisition, as we may conclude, by the following passage in his *Traveller*:

"Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply though my harsh note failing still,
But mocked all tone, and mar'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandaie, skilful in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score."

THE SEA SERPENT A SHARK.

BY SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S.

[From his "Second Visit to the United States of North America," in the press of the HARPERS.]

Pretended Fossil Sea Serpent, or Zeuglodon, from Alabama—Recent Appearance of a Sea Serpent in Gulf of St. Lawrence—In Norway, in 1845—Near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, 1817—American Descriptions—Conjectures as to Nature of the Animal—Sea Snake stranded in the Orkneys proved to be a Shark—Dr. Barclay's Memoir—Sir Everard Home's Opinion—Sea Serpent of Hebrides, 1808—Reasons for concluding that Pontoppidan's Sea Snake was a basking Shark—Capt. McQuhae's Sea Serpent.

DURING the first part of my stay in Boston, October, 1845, we one day saw the walls in the principal streets covered with placards, in which the words SEA SERPENT ALIVE figured conspicuously. On approaching near enough to read the smaller type of this advertisement, I found that Mr. Koch was about to exhibit to the Bostonians the fossil skeleton of "that colossal and terrible reptile, the sea serpent, which, when alive, measured thirty feet in circumference." The public were also informed that this hydrarchos, or water king, was the leviathan of the Book of Job, chap. xli. I shall have occasion in the sequel, when describing my expedition in Alabama to the exact site from whence these fossil remains were disinterred by Mr. Koch, of showing that they belong to the zeuglodon, first made out by Mr. Owen to be an extinct cetacean of truly vast dimensions, and which I ascertained to be referable geologically to the Eocene period.

In the opinion of the best comparative anatomists, there is no reason to believe that this fossil whale bore any resemblance in form, when alive, to a snake, although the bones of the vertebral column, having been made to form a continuous series more than 100 feet in length, by the union of vertebrae derived from more than one individual, were ingeniously arranged by Mr. Koch in a serpentine form, so as to convey the impression that motion was produced by vertical flexures of the body.

At the very time when I had every day to give an answer to the question whether I really believed the great fossil skeleton from Alabama to be that of the sea serpent formerly seen on the coast near Boston, I received news of the reappearance of the same serpent, in a letter from my friend Mr. J. W. Dawson, of Pictou, in Nova Scotia. This geologist, with whom I explored Nova Scotia in 1842, said he was collecting evidence for me of the appearance, in the month of August, 1845, at Merigomish, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, of a marine monster, about 100 feet long, seen by two intelligent observers, nearly aground in calm water, within 200 feet of the beach, where it remained in sight about half an hour, and then got off with difficulty. One of the witnesses went up a bank in order to look down upon it. They said it sometimes raised its head (which resembled that of a seal) partially out of the water. Along its back were a number of humps or protuberances, which, in the opinion of the observer on the beach, were true humps, while the other thought they were produced by vertical flexures of the body. Between the head and the first protuberance there was a straight part of the back of considerable length, and this part was generally above water. The color appeared black, and the skin had a rough appearance. The animal was seen to bend its body almost into a circle, and again to unbend it with rapidity. It was slender in proportion to its length.

After it had disappeared in deep water, its wake was visible for some time. There were no indications of paddles seen. Some other persons who saw it compared the creature to a long string of fishing-net buoys moving rapidly about. In the course of the summer, the fishermen on the eastern shore of Prince Edward's Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, had been terrified by this sea monster, and the year before, October, 1844, a similar creature swam slowly past the pier at Arisaig, near the east end of Nova Scotia, and, there being only a slight breeze at the time, was attentively observed by Mr. Barry, a millwright of Pictou, who told Mr. Dawson he was within 120 feet of it, and estimated its length at sixty feet, and the thickness of its body at three feet. It had humps on the back, which seemed too small and close together to be bends of the body.

The body appeared also to move in long undulations, including many of the smaller humps. In consequence of this motion the head and tail were sometimes both out of sight and sometimes both above water.

The head was rounded and obtuse in front, and was never elevated more than a foot above the surface. The tail was pointed, appearing like half of a mackerel's tail. The color of the part seen was black.

It was suggested by Mr. Dawson that a swell in the sea might give the deceptive appearance of an undulating movement, as it is well known "that a stick held horizontally at the surface of water when there is a ripple seems to have an uneven outline." But Mr. Barry replied that he observed the animal very attentively, having read accounts of the sea serpent, and feels confident that the undulations were not those of the water.

This reappearance of the monster, commonly called the sea serpent, was not confined to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; for, two months after I left Boston, a letter from one Captain Lawson went the round of the American papers, dated February, 1846, giving a description of a marine creature seen by him from his schooner, when off the coast of Virginia, between Capes Henry and Charles—body about 100 feet long, with pointed projections (query, dorsal fins?) on the back; head small in proportion to its length.

Precisely in the same years, in July, 1845, and August, 1846, contemporaneous, and evidently independent accounts were collected in Norway, and published in their papers, of a marine animal, of "a rare and singular kind," seen by fishermen and others, the evidence being taken down by clergymen, surgeons, and lawyers, whose names are given, and some of whom declared that they can now no longer doubt that there lives in their seas some monster, which has given rise to the tales published by Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, in his Natural History of Norway (1752), who gave an engraving, which the living witnesses declare to be very like what they saw.

These appearances were witnessed in 1845, near Christiansand, and at Molde, and in the parish of Sund, the animal entering fiords in hot weather, when the sea was calm. The length of the creature was from sixty to one hundred feet; color dark, body smooth, and in thickness, like that of a stout man; swimming swiftly with serpentine movement, both horizontally and up and down, raising its blunted head occasionally above the water; its eyes bright, but these not perceived by some witnesses; its undulating course like that of an eel; its body lay on the sea like a number of "large kegs," the water much agitated by its rapid movements, and the waves broke on the

shore as when a steamboat is passing. From the back of the head a mane like that of a horse commenced, which waved backward and forward in the water. Archdeacon Deinboll says, that "the eye-witnesses, whose testimony he collected, were not so seized with fear as to impair their powers of observation; and one of them, when within musket shot, had fired at the monster, and is certain the shots hit him in the head, after which he dived, but came up again immediately."

In reading over these recent statements, drawn up by observers on both sides of the Atlantic, it is impossible not to be struck with their numerous points of agreement, both with each other and with those recorded by the New Englanders between the years 1815 and 1825, when the sea serpent repeatedly visited the coast of North America. There is even a coincidence in most of the contradictions of those who have attempted to describe what they saw of the color, form, and motion of the animal. At each of these periods the creature was seen by some persons who were on the shore, and who could take a leisurely survey of it, without their imaginations being disturbed by apprehensions of personal danger. On the other hand, the consternation of the fishermen in Norway, the Hebrides, and America, who have encountered this monster, is such that we are entitled to ask the question—Is it possible they can have seen nothing more than an ordinary whale or shark, or a shoal of porpoises, or some other known cetacean or fish?

So great a sensation was created by the appearance of a huge animal, in August, 1817, and for several successive years, in the harbor of Gloucester, Massachusetts, near Cape Ann, that the Linnæan Society of Boston appointed a committee to collect evidence on the subject. I am well acquainted with two of the three gentlemen, Dr. Bigelow and Mr. F. C. Gray, who drew up the report, which gives in detail the depositions of numerous witnesses who saw the creature on shore or at sea, some of them from a distance of only ten yards. "The monster," they say, "was from eighty to ninety feet long, his head usually carried about two feet above water; of a dark brown color; the body with thirty or more protuberances, compared by some to four-gallon kegs, by others to a string of buoys, and called by several persons bunches on the back; motion very rapid, faster than those of a whale, swimming a mile in three minutes, and sometimes more, leaving a wake behind him; chasing mackerel, herrings, and other fish, which were seen jumping out of the water, fifty at a time, as he approached. He only came to the surface of the sea in calm and bright weather. A skilful gunner fired at him from a boat, and, having taken good aim, felt sure he must have hit him on the head; the creature turned towards him, then dived under the boat, and reappeared a hundred yards on the other side."

Just as they were concluding their report, an unlucky accident raised a laugh at the expense of the Linnæan Committee, and enabled the incredulous to turn the whole matter into ridicule. It happened that a common New England species of land snake (*Coluber constrictor*), full grown, and about three feet long, which must have been swept out to sea, was cast ashore, and brought to the committee. It had a series of humps on its back, caused by the individual happening to have a diseased spine—a fact which can no longer be disputed, for I have seen the identical specimen, which is still preserved in spirits in the Museum of New Haven. As many of the deponents declared this snake to be an exact miniature of

the great monster, the Committee concluded that it might be its young, and, giving a figure of it, conferred upon it the high-sounding appellation of *Scoliophys Atlanticus*, the generic name being derived from the Greek, *σκολιός*, scolios, flexible, and *ὄφις*, ophis, snake.

In addition to these published statements, Colonel Perkins, of Boston, had the kindness to lay before me his notes, made in July, 1817, when he saw the animal. He counted fourteen projections, six feet apart, on the back, which he imagined to be vertical flexures of the body when in motion; but he also saw the body bent horizontally into the figure of the letter S. It was of a chocolate brown color, the head flat, and about a foot across. A friend of his took a pencil sketch of it, which was found to resemble Pontoppidan's figure.* Respecting the length, Mr. Mansfield, a friend of the Colonel, was driving a one-horse vehicle on a road skirting Gloucester Bay, along the edge of a cliff, fifty or sixty feet in perpendicular height, when he saw the sea-serpent at the base of the cliff on the white beach, where there was not more than six or seven feet water, and, giving the reins to his wife, looked down upon the creature, and made up his mind that it was ninety feet long. He then took his wife to the spot, and asked her to guess its length, and she said it was as long as the wharf behind their house, and this measured about 100 feet. While they were looking down on it, the creature appeared to be alarmed, and started off. I asked another Bostonian, Mr. Cabot, who saw the monster in 1818, whether it might not have been a shoal of porpoises following each other in a line, at the distance of one or two yards, and tumbling over so as to resemble a string of floating barrels in motion. He said that after this explanation had been suggested to him, he was one of thirty persons who ran along the beach at Nahant, near Boston, when the sea serpent was swimming very near the shore. They were all convinced that it was one animal, and they saw it raise its head out of the water. He added that there were at that time two sea serpents fishing in the Bay at once.

Among many American narratives of this phenomenon which have been communicated to me, I shall select one given me by my friend Mr. William M'Ilvaine of Philadelphia, because it seems to attest the fact of the creature having wandered as far south as Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, lat. 35°. "Captain Johnson, of New Jersey, was sailing, in the year 1806, from the West Indies, on the inner edge of the Gulf stream, in a deeply laden brig, when they were becalmed, and the crew and passengers awe-struck by the sudden apparition of a creature having a cylindrical body of great length, and which lifted up its head eight feet above the water. After gazing at them for several minutes it retreated, making large undulations like a snake." The story had been so much discredited that the captain would only relate it to intimate friends.

After the year 1817, every marvellous tale was called in the United States a snake story; and when Colonel Perkins went to Washington twenty years ago, and was asked if he had ever known a person who had seen the sea serpent, he answered that he was one of the unfortunate individuals who saw it himself. I confess that when I left America in 1846, I was in a still more unfortunate predicament, for I believed in the sea serpent without having seen it. Not that I had ever imagined the northern seas to be now inhabited by a gigantic

ophidian, for this hypothesis has always seemed to me in the highest degree improbable, seeing that, in the present state of the globe, there is no great development of reptile life in temperate or polar regions, whether in the northern or southern hemisphere. When we enter high latitudes, such as those in which the creature called a sea serpent most frequently occurs, we find even the smaller reptilians, such as frogs and newts, to grow rare or disappear; and there are no representatives of the hydrophis or true water-snake, nor of tortoises, nor of the batrachian or lizard tribes.

In like manner, in the geological periods, immediately antecedent to that when the present molluscous fauna came into existence, there was a similar absence of large reptiles, although there were then, as now, in colder latitudes, many huge sharks, seals, narwhals, and whales. If, however, the creature observed in North America and Norway, should really prove to be some unknown species of any one of these last-mentioned families of vertebrata, I see no impropriety in its retaining the English name of sea serpent, just as one of the seals is now called a sea elephant, and a small fish of the Mediterranean, a sea horse; while other marine animals are named sea mice and urchins, although they have only a fanciful resemblance to hedgehogs or mice.

Some naturalists have argued that, if it were an undescribed species, some of its bones must, ere this, have been washed ashore; but I question whether we are as yet so well acquainted with all the tenants of the great deep as to entitle us to attach much weight to this argument from negative evidence; and I learn from good zoologists that there are whales so rare as never to have been seen since Sibbald described them in the middle of the seventeenth century. There is also a great cetacean, about thirty feet long, called *Delphinorhynchus micropterus*, of which only three specimens have ever been met with. One of these was thrown ashore forty years ago on the coast of Scotland, and the other two stranded on the shores of Belgium and France, and identified with the British species by Dr. Melville.

(To be Continued)

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

GASPAR BECERRA.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By his evening fire, the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin,
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought.

Till discouraged and desponding
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried: "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee?"
And the startled artist woke.

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized, and quenched the glaring wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest!
Shape from that thy work of art.

HELEN FAUCIT, it is said, will undoubtedly visit this country next fall. She will probably be accompanied by Mr. PAUMIER, an actor of high repute in the English provinces.

What is Talked About.

— The death of Mrs. MADISON at Washington, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, recalls the former days of the Republic, and reminds us of the widening interval fast separating us from the familiar experiences and recollections of our fathers. With them the simple character and refined hospitalities at Washington of the wife of the Secretary of State, and subsequently President of the United States, were matters of personal experience; to us they belong to history. The important event of Mrs. Madison's life had thus been recently incorporated in Mr. Ingersoll's History of the last War—her participation in the scenes at Washington in the barbarous depredations of the British, lately, by the way, handsomely denounced by the London Times. Our readers will remember Mr. Ingersoll's account of the flight from Washington, and the saving of Stuart's Portrait of Washington by Mrs. Madison. (Lit. World, No. 118.) Mrs. Madison was born 20th May, 1767. Her parents were natives and residents of Virginia, who joined the Quaker sect, manumitted their slaves, and removed to Philadelphia. Miss Payne, the future Mrs. Madison, was first married to a young Quaker, a Mr. Todd, by whom she was early left a widow. In 1794 she became the wife of Madison, then a leading member of Congress; removing to Washington in 1801, on her husband's becoming Secretary of State, when she sometimes presided for Jefferson at the President's House. It was an easy transition to the head of that social circle when her husband was made President. The charms of that society will be always preserved in the history of the times. It is spoken of as characterized by its ease, gracefulness, hearty good humor, and freedom from all unnecessary etiquette. Not inappropriately has Mrs. Madison closed her career amidst the homage of the new generation at Washington, surrounded by the ripened fruits in the National welfare, of the councils of the friends of her early days.

— The city obituary has just added to its melancholy list the name of an honored and distinguished lawyer, DAVID B. OGDEN, who had been associated for half a century with the influential and respected men of his times. He belonged to the old federal party, though he bore no very prominent part in politics. Of late he had confined his attention to important law cases, and was one of the permanent council of the Trinity Church Corporation. He was in his seventy-fourth year. Other circles mourn the loss of JAMES REYBURN, the President of the St. Patrick's Society of this city, known by his social talents and his exertions as treasurer of the Irish relief fund in the movement of 1847 and '8.

— PROFESSOR WILLIAM SMYTH, of Cambridge, died lately in England in the 77th year of his age. He received his appointment of Regius Professor of History from George III. He was one of the associates of the historian Roscoe. His Lectures on History have been republished in this country.

— While waiting for an official announcement of the particular course to be pursued by the Government in the relief of Sir John Franklin, we have been pained to witness the disappointment from the premature reports on the subject. It now appears, by an article in the *Intelligencer*, as a summing up of the investigations, backed by a sincere zeal to render aid on the part of the Government, that it is impossible to equip any suitable vessel the

* See "Silliman's Journal," vol. II. p. 158.

present season. To hazard life on an insufficient expedition would have been but to repeat the now too probable melancholy fate of Franklin and his party.

A correspondent of the *Boston Atlas* who has recently visited Mr. VERNON, notices the present dilapidated condition of the estate:—"We passed between the ruins of what has in other days been the Porter's Lodge. The walls remained, but the gate was gone, and the fences which had inclosed the beautiful grounds were nowhere visible. Inside the roads became worse than ever, and we had to get out of the carriage and walk to relieve the poor horses. * * * The old brick wall and conservatory of Washington's garden was broken and out of joint. The gates were off the hinges, and nettles and noxious weeds and parasitical plants clung to them. The only living things about this cluster of dwellings were a few geese and goslings, who waded through a small stagnant pool, near by. * * * Even the tomb of this great man bore the same evidence of neglect. The bricks which supported the marble were crumbling, and the mortar which held them together had fallen from between and left them loose." The writer suggests the propriety of the nation becoming the purchasers of the spot, a subject which has heretofore been unsuccessfully agitated, though we believe the public has only to become familiar with the idea to demand it. Many uses might be made of the sixteen hundred acres, well worked, varied, and boldly overlooking the Potomac. It might be made a National Museum, or a Botanical Garden, or a depository of public archives. But were the home of WASHINGTON to be simply preserved without any utilitarian or further object, the small sum of money which it would cost the nation would be amply repaid. The name of General Taylor has been often connected with that of Washington,—let his Administration be signalized by the acquisition by the nation of Mt. Vernon, a tribute to and a future guardianship of the great fame of the Father of his Country.

A notice appears in the daily papers of the loss of a portrait, a likeness of the late Rev. Philip Melancthon Whelpley, Pastor of the First (Wall street) Presbyterian Church of this city. It was originally painted for a gentleman in Boston, was again sold and purchased by the ladies of the congregation and presented to the mother of the clergyman, who now seeks its recovery. It was sent a few years since to the shop of a Mr. Fuller, in Hudson street, near Grand, to be framed. A sale took place of Mr. F.'s effects and the picture was sold with them. Who has it? The recovery is urged by the Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, in an earnest appeal in behalf of the widow. It was a full sized portrait of the head and bust. The artist's name is not remembered, but Mrs. Whelpley inclines to think that the name of Greene was inscribed on it. We cheerfully comply with the request of Dr. Cox, to the newspapers of the vicinity, to call attention to the subject.

The *Chronotype*, which whistles along at railroad speed, throwing out its sparks right and left by the way, flashes its drummond light athwart the old North American Review. "The N. A.," says the *Chronotype*, "is a slow coach, yet it certainly goes ahead, as any man may satisfy himself by taking a series of observations for a few years. As we look in at the coach window in the present instance, to be sure, the passengers seem to have been taking a social nap, and the driver probably held up not to disturb their slumbers. All

Europe is on fire, and questions of immense moment are welding hot in our own country, yet this North American Review is either admiring the tails of tenth-rate comets or sprinkling a little Attic salt without any pepper on a dish of cucumbers." *Per Contra*, the *Chronotype* hails a very fast young poet,—i. e. a poet fast making himself a reputation, R. H. STODDARD,—as the author of "a sort of poetry that we don't dare to criticize. A glad heart seems to have run over—a very unusual phenomenon in this world."

Here is a glimpse of a scene familiar to many visitors to New York, who have enjoyed the courteous attentions of the MESSRS. HARPER in an introduction to the different departments of the huge Establishment in Cliff st. A distinguished Wesleyan Clergyman of England, the REV. DR. DIXON, thus records on his return home his impressions on one of these occasions, in a volume entitled "Methodism in America." Long may the respect and courtesy paid to labor, which he notices, be characteristics of America!—

"Mr. Harper's printing and publishing establishment is as remarkable as anything in the way of business can well be imagined. Everything is done on the same premises. How did Mr. Harper, one of the firm and master of these people, accost them? Did he rudely vociferate his orders in dictatorial and imperative language, after the English fashion? No! On entering their apartment, he took off his hat, paid them the compliments of the morning, inquired after their health, and addressed them by the term 'young ladies.' Was this affected? Not in the least. It had all the appearance of habit; and certainly in their bearing, dress, and in the absence of all sluttishness, these females deserved respectful treatment. This will be sneered at by many of our countrymen, as a specimen of Yankeeism. Well, be it so, but let us ask, which is the man of breeding, the gentleman?—the boisterous, imperious, swearing John Bull, giving his orders to his servants as if they were his slaves?—or this American, thus addressing the people who supply the hands, the sinews, the labor (though he may furnish the genius), which are creating his fortune?"

Publishers' Circular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot go into the "sectarian" point suggested by a correspondent, without probing the matter a little more deeply in one particular direction than he would seem to care for. The non-reception of the papers by "C. L." was a matter of pure accident, due to the post-office, entirely unintentional on our part. Should such interruption again occur we beg to be reminded of it without ceremony. "Castle Dreary" respectfully declined.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE new work by Mr. Eliot (of Boston), "The Liberty of Rome: a History," has appeared in advance of its American publication, from the press of Bentley in London. The design of the author also includes similar works on "The Liberty of the Early Christian Ages," "The Liberty of the Middle Ages," "The Liberty of England," "The Liberty of Europe since the Reformation," and "The Liberty of America."

PETER CUNNINGHAM's long expected "Hand-book of London" has appeared, in a couple of Mr. Murray's red volumes. It is alphabetically arranged, and contains the results of very extensive reading. Its use as a book reference and consultation is of the first importance.

The Hakluyt Society have issued "Narratives of Voyages towards the North West in search of

a passage to Cathay and India, 1496-1631, with selections from the Early Records of the Hon. E. I. Company and from MSS. in the Brit. Museum, by T. Rundall, Esq."

Warburton's new work, "The Conquest of Canada," is ready. Messrs. AFFLETON announce its republication.

Bradbury and Evans, the publishers of "Punch," announce, "The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, revised and arranged expressly for young persons and schools, by W. C. Macready." This work was first, we believe, prepared by the eminent tragedian for the use of his own family.

Messrs. HARPER have issued "The Woodman," the new novel by James—"Julius Caesar," another of the series of popular histories by the Abbotts, and the first series complete of Southey's Common-Place Book.

The Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, our minister at the Court of St. James, received the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, from Oxford University, on the 20th June. Upon opening the Convocation, the Vice Chancellor alluded to the distinguished persons who were to have the honorary degrees conferred upon them, and Mr. Bancroft and James Heywood Markland, F.S.A., were then introduced to the Convocation by Dr. Bliss, the Registrar of the University, in a lengthy Latin oration, which was followed by the ceremony of conferring the degrees upon both those gentlemen.

We understand, says the *Glasgow Examiner*, that the beautiful estate of Glenormiston, Peeblesshire, has been purchased by W. Chambers, Esq., Edinburgh, at a shade above £25,000.

Advertisements.

New Drawing Desk.

THE subscriber has just introduced a new style of Drawing Desk, which he thinks well worthy the attention of Artists, Teachers, and Students of Drawing. It is so arranged that when opened it brings the object to be copied at the right angle in front, at the same time the desk, or drawing board, is brought to the proper elevation. Besides these advantages it is simple-opening and closing as easy as a book; occupies but little space, yet has room for a drawing-book, paper, and compartments for materials, crayons, pencils, &c. It also answers equally well for writing upon. The prices vary from \$3 50 to \$5, according to the kind of wood of which they are made.

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Subscription \$5 per annum, for which each Subscriber becomes a member, and entitled to all the privileges of the Institution, which are as follows:—

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3. A sufficient sum will be annually set apart for the purpose of sending one American student or more, according to its revenues received from subscriptions, to Europe, for a term of two years, at the expense of the International Art-Union. The student or students to be selected by a committee of competent and disinterested persons. Students of Art from any part of the Union may participate in the public exhibition which will take place annually in the city of New York, from which the selection will be made for the term of study abroad.

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Ælianus de nat. animalium variorum et Gronovii. Lond. 1744. 2 vols. 4to. bds. \$6.

Æliani variorum historie, ed. Kuhn. Lips. 1780. 2 vols. 8vo. calf, \$3.

Alciphron Bergleri et Wagner. Lips. 1798. 2 vols. 8vo. \$2 00.

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